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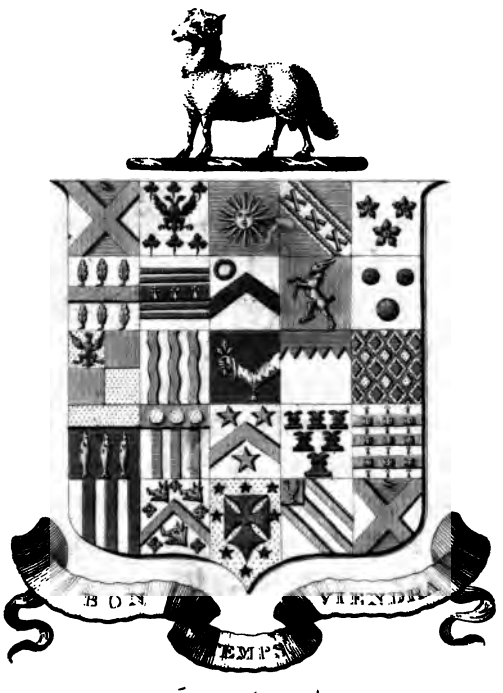

John Gage

Lincoln's Inn

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

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IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

THE colloquial and burlesque style and measure of Swift here adopted did not suit the genius and manner of our author, who frequently falls back, as was natural, from the familiar into his own more laboured, high, and pompous manner. See particularly line 125, and also 189:

" Tell how the moon-beam," &c.

And this difference of style is more striking and perceivable, from the circumstance of their being immediately subjoined to the lighter and less ornamental verses of Swift.

The four epistles which Mr. Pitt translated; namely, the 19th, 4th, 10th, and 18th, of the first book, and which are inserted in the 43d volume of the Works of English Poets, if they were carefully and candidly inspected, will be found really equal to any of Pope's Imitations, and are executed with a dignified familiarity and ease, in the very manner of Horace.

After all that has been said of Horace by so many critics, ancient and modern, perhaps no words can describe him so exactly and justly as the following of Tully, spoken on another subject (Lib. I. de Oratore): " Accedit lepos quidam, facetiæque, et eruditio libero digna, celeritasque et brevitas respondendi et lacessendi, subtili venustate et urbanitate conjuncta."

EPISTOLA VII.

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducet febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The Dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then southward let your Bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you shall see, the first warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *My Lord,*] Shaftesbury laughs at modern authors for being compelled to use such terms, as His Grace, His Excel-

Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit:
Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus;
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis.
Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:

And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plums.
" Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
What rob your Boys? those pretty rogues?
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good:
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,

NOTES.

lency, His Honour, and My Lord. Horace, in this passage, says to the greatest man in Rome only Tu, and at the beginning only Mæcenas, without any epithet whatsoever. So also speaks Virgil at the beginning of the Georgics, " Terram vertere, Mæcenas."

Ver. 40. *and a free;*] Johnson always carped at our adding the word *one* after an adjective, and thought it useless and inelegant—a free *one*. This is unexceptionable—a *free*.

Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.
Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti ; pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc,

That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
  A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the House
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You 'scape not so,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
  Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the Public on his Rape of the Lock. W.

Ver. 51. *A Weasel once*] Horace shines particularly in these short fables which he was so fond of introducing; as he does indeed in that difficult art of telling a story well, of which the story of Philippus, Strenuus et fortis, &c. is a masterpiece. We are in no one respect so very inferior to the French as in our fables; we have no La Fontaine. The fables of Gay, esteemed our best, are written in a pure and neat style, but have not much nature or humour. Horace's Mice are inimitable. The long introductions to the fables of Gay's second volume of fables read like political pamphlets.

Ver. 56. *'Twas not a Man,*] This parenthesis comes in but awkwardly and lamely. "You 'scape not so," also is awkward, v. 57; so is "None of mine," v. 64.

Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno;
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque
Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:
Inspice si possum donata reponere lætus.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, etc.

South-sea Subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd (enough for me),
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little House, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Master, very low.
There died my Father, no Man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this Matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity. W.

SATIRA VI.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. auctius, atque
Dî melius fecere. bene est: nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hac prece te
oro,

SATIRE VI.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, *by Dr.* SWIFT; *the latter Part added afterward.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's end,
A Terrace-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
'But here a Grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my Heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any Trick, or any Fault;
And if I pray by Reason's rules,
And not like Forty other Fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh Gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other Acre:
Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
Direct my Plough to find a Treasure:"
But only what my Station fits,
And to be kept in my right Wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, Competence:

Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera, præter
Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
  Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Instituunt (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium: Romæ sponsorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem

And let me in these Shades compose
Something in Verse as true as Prose;
Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.'
  In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six Months with Statesmen here.
  I must by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger, of the Seas;
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found.
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
  " Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,

NOTES.

Ver. 30. *on this side Trent;*] He was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England; and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negotiation had nearly taken place between the Dean and a Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negotiation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebery, Lord Bolingbroke's seat.

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodo, quod mî obsit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, insane? et quam rem agis? improbus urget
Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul atras
Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.

Checker'd with Ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a Crowd."
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the World should know.
I get a Whisper, and withdraw:
When twenty Fools I never saw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their Friend.
This, humbly offers me his Case—
That, begs my int'rest for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
Without your help the Cause is gone"—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at Two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to tease,
" You may for certain, if you please;

Imprimat his cura Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas

I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four),
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
"Who's Chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *And, Mr. Dean,*] Very happily turned from Si vis potes——

Ver. 85. *Since Harley bid me*] The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very interesting Journal to Stella. And the reasons why a man, that served a ministry so effectually, was so tardily, and so difficultly, and so poorly, rewarded, are well explained in Sheridan's Life of Swift, and arose principally from the insuperable aversion the Queen had conceived to the Author of a Tale of a Tub as a profane book; which aversion was kept alive and increased by the Dutchess of Somerset, against whom Swift had written a severe lampoon. It appears from this life that Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke always kept concealed from Swift their inability to serve him. One of the most common artifices of ministers and great men is to retain in their service those whom they cannot reward, and "Spe pascere inani;"—for year after year. With whatever secrets Swift might have been trusted, it does not appear he knew any thing of a design to bring in the Pretender. Swift was a true Whig. His political principles are amply unfolded in an excellent letter written to Pope, Jan. 20, 1721, in the ninth volume of this edition; and indeed they had been sufficiently displayed, many years before, in The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; a treatise replete with strong sense, sound principles, and clear reasoning.

Ver. 91. *Or gravely try to read the lines*] Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in Lord Oxford and

Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro
par?
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ noster. ludos spectaverit una:
Luserit in campo: Fortunæ filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu

Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
" How think you of our Friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My Lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête à tête*,
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some Folks?"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at Court;
I'm stopt by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat!

NOTES.

Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and which ever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game. Bolingbroke overtaking them one day on their road to Windsor, got into Lord Oxford's coach, and begun some political conversation; Lord Oxford said, " Swift, I am up; there is a cat." Bolingbroke was disgusted with this levity, and went again into his own carriage. This was

——" Nugari et discincti ludere"

with a witness.

Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra
Prædia Cæsar, an est Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silentî.
Perditur hæc inter misero lux; non sine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
O noctes cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse, meique,
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus: prout cuique libido est,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus

Or do the Prints and Papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
When are the Troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest Mortal ever known.

THUS in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest Hours of Life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very Dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

NOTES.

Ver. 141. *Here no man prates*] Alcibiades, in the Symposium of Plato, finely compares Socrates, whose face was disgusting and

Legibus insanis : seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit lætius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus ; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :

A Neighbour's Madness, or his Spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A Man of Merit, or a Miser?
Whether we ought to choose our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our Friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos:*

NOTES.

unpromising, to the little statues of Silenus, which had no external beauty; but if you opened them, you found within the figures of all the gods. Rabelais applied this comparison to the Satires of Horace, which at first sight do not seem to contain so many exquisite moral rules. Dacier borrowed this comparison from Rabelais, without acknowledgment, as he has done many remarks from Cruquius and Lambinus, and from the old commentators, Acron and Porphyrius.

Ver. 142. *that Italian sings,*] Happily turned from Horace's Dancer, "Lepos;"—not so, ver. 144, which is political, and not one of the trifling topics here mentioned.

Ver. 153. *Our Friend Dan Prior*] I have frequently wondered how sparing Pope has been in general in his praises of Prior, especially as the latter was the intimate friend of Swift and Lord Oxford. I imagine this reserve is owing principally to some satirical epigrams that Prior wrote on Atterbury. The Alma is not the only composition of Prior, in which he has displayed a knowledge of the world and of human nature; for I was once permitted to read a curious manuscript, late in the hands of her Grace the Dutchess Dowager of Portland, containing essays and dialogues of the dead, on the following subjects, by Prior:

1. Heads for a Treatise on Learning.
2. Essay on Opinion.

Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;

Name a Town Life, and in a trice, 155
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,

NOTES.

3. A Dialogue betwixt Charles the Fifth and Clenard the Grammarian.
4. Betwixt Locke and Montaigne.
5. The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More.
6. Oliver Cromwell and his Porter.

If these pieces were published, Prior would appear to be as good a prose writer as a poet. It seems to be growing a little fashionable to decry his great merits as a poet. They who do this seem not sufficiently to have attended to his admirable Ode to Mr. Charles Montague, afterward Earl of Halifax; his Ode to the Queen, 1706; his Epistle and Ode to Boileau; most of his Tales the Alma, here mentioned; the Henry and Emma (in which surely are many strokes of true tenderness and pathos;) and his Solomon, a poem, which, however faulty in its plan, has yet very many noble and finished passages, and which has been so elegantly and classically translated by Dobson, as to reflect honour on the college of Winchester, where he was educated, and where he translated the first book as a school exercise. I once heard him lament, that he had not at that time read Lucretius, which would have given a richness, and variety, and force, to his verses; the only fault of which seems to be a monotony and want of different pauses, occasioned by translating a poem in rhyme, which he avoided in his Milton. It is one mark of a poem being intrinsically good, that it is capable of being well translated. The political conduct of Prior was blamed on account of the part he took in the famous Partition-Treaty; but in some valuable memoirs of his life, written by the Honourable Mr. Montague, his friend, which were also in the possession of the Dutchess Dowager of Portland, this conduct is clearly accounted for, and amply defended. In those memoirs are many curious and interesting particulars of the history of that time.

This beautiful fable, not so much now admired, because so well known, is not in the collection of those called Æsop's, whose composition it certainly was, as appears from the collection of the fragments of Babrius, which the learned Mr. Tyrrwhit published, and which are a most valuable curiosity.

Asper, et attentus quæsitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frusta dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cœna
Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere silvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,

Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
Just as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as Men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But shew'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with Men:
Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,
(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)"
The veriest Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *like Men, must die,*] Horace's Mouse talks like an Epicurean Philosopher. The line of Pope, in a parenthesis, v. 180, is useless and redundant. The Parody on Dryden's Poem on the Hind and Panther, alluding to the City and Country Mouse, was the first of Prior's performances, in conjunction with his friend Montague.

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :
Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit : inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo vestigia : rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos ;
Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,
Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesterna canistris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem ; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
Continuatque dapes : necnon verniliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam : cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque

('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordships had sate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Description, he might shew it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
(And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red;
The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice sate, *tête à tête.*
Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça est bon! Ah gouter ça!*
That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
Was ever such a happy Swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
" I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the Hall
Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat! a Rat! clap to the door"—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to save them in a trice!

Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me silva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

(It was by Providence they think,)
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.
" An't please your Honour," quoth the Peasant,
" This same Dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow Tree,
A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!"

SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE

TO THE

YOUNG GENTLEMEN ABOUT TOWN,

AS DELIVERED IN HIS SECOND SERMON.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF MR. POPE.

Together with the Original Text, as restored by the

REV. RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D.

TO

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE so great a trust in your indulgence towards me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this Imitation, so much in your own manner, and whose birth I may truly say is owing to you. In that confidence I would not suppress the *criticisms made upon it by the Reverend Doctor; the rather, since he has promised to mend the faults in the next edition, with the same goodness he has practised to Milton. I hope you will believe that while I express my regard for you, it is only out of modesty I conceal my name; since, though perhaps I may not profess myself your admirer so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward respect, good-will, and zeal, as any man,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And faithful servant.

*. They are here omitted.

HORATII FLACCI,

S. II. L. I.

TEXTUM RECENSUIT

V. R. RICARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.

AMBUBAIARUM collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli:
Quippe benignus erat——
Contra hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.

Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis:
" Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,"
Respondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget:

SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE.

THE tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and ease,
Could join the arts, to ruin and to please.

Not so, who of ten thousand gull'd her knight,
Then ask'd ten thousand for a second night;
The gallant too, to whom she paid it down,
Liv'd to refuse that mistress half a crown.

Con. Philips cries, "A sneaking dog I hate,"
That's all three lovers have for their estate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat.
Some damn the jade, and some the cullies blame,
But not Sir H——t, for he does the same.

With all a woman's virtues but the pox,
Fufidia thrives in money, land, and stocks:
For int'rest, ten *per cent.* her constant rate is;
Her body! hopeful heirs may have it *gratis.*

Nomina sectatur, modo sumpta veste virili,
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit? " At in se
" Pro quæstu sumptum facit hic." Vix credere possis
Quam sibi non sit amicus: ita ut Pater ille, Terentî
Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

Si quis nunc quærat, Quo res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
" Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."
Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat: est qui
Inguen ad obscœnum subductis usque facetus:
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
Quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste:
Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in fornice stantem.
" Virtute esto, inquit, sententia dia Catonis,
Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
Huc juvenes æquum est descendere, non alienas
Permolere uxores. ——— "

—Nolim laudarier, inquit.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchos non vultis, ut omni parte laborent;
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,

She turns her very sister to a Job,
And, in the happy minute, picks your fob:
A self-tormentor, worse than (in the Play)
The wretch, whose av'rice drove his son away.

But why all this? Beloved, 'tis my theme:
" Women and fools are always in extreme."
Rufa's at either end a common-shore,
Sweet Moll and Jack are civet-cat and boar.
Nothing in nature is so lewd as Peg,
Yet, for the world, she would not shew her leg!
While bashful Jenny, ev'n at morning prayer,
Spreads her fore-buttocks to the naval bare.
But diff'rent taste in diff'rent men prevails,
And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails;
Some feel no flames but at the court or ball,
And others hunt white aprons in the Mall.

My Lord of L——n, chancing to remark
A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park,
" Proceed (he cry'd), proceed, my reverend brother,
'Tis *fornicatio simplex*, and no other.
Better than lust for boys, with Pope and Turk,
Or others' spouses, like my Lord of ———."

May no such praise (cries J——s) e'er be mine,
J——s, who bows at Hi—sb—w's hoary shrine.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive,
'Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's flayed alive,
Attend, while I their miseries explain,
And pity men of pleasure still in pain!

Atque hæc rara cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.
Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam TESTES, CAUDAMQUE SALACEM
Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda!
Libertinarum dico: Sallustius in qua
Non minus insanit, quam qui mœchatur. At hic, si,
Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste
Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Esse; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
Dedecorique foret. Verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
Hoc amat et laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,
Nil fuerit mî, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus: unde
Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. An tibi abunde
Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque. Quid inter-
Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata?

Survey the pangs they bear, the risks they run,
Where the most lucky are but last undone.
See wretched Monsieur flies to save his throat,
And quits his mistress, money, ring, and note!
K—— of his footman's borrow'd livery stript,
By worthier footmen pist upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by thieves, or lawyers, which is worse,
One bleeds in person, and one bleeds in purse;
This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel—
And all applaud the Justice—All, but Budgell.

How much more safe, dear countrymen! his state,
Who trades in frigates of the second rate?
And yet some care of S—st should be had,
Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad;
His wit confirms him but a slave the more,
And makes a princess whom he found a whore.
The youth might save much trouble and expense,
Were he a dupe of only common sense.
But here's his point; a wench (he cries) for me!
"I never touch a dame of quality."

To P—l—r's bed no actress comes amiss,
He courts the whole *personæ dramatis:*
He too can say, "With wives I never sin:"
But singing-girls and mimics draw him in.
Sure, worthy Sir, the diff'rence is not great,
With whom you lose your credit and estate?
This, or that person, what avails to shun?
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:
The ease, support, and lustre, of your life,
Destroy'd alike with strumpet, maid, or wife.

Villius in Fausta Sullæ gener, hoc miser uno
Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit usque, superque
Quam satis est; pugnis cæsus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.

Huic si, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti
Diceret hæc animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te
Magno prognatum deposco consule ———
Velatumque stola, mea cum conferbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis,
Dives opis natura suæ! tu si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Immiscere.
—— Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne pœniteat te,
Desine matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

What push'd poor E—s on th' imperial whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal steel unjustly was apply'd,
When not his lust offended, but his pride:
Too hard a penance for defeated sin,
Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall* let in.

Suppose that honest part that rules us all,
Should rise, and say—" Sir Robert! or Sir Paul!
Did I demand, in my most vig'rous hour,
A thing descended from the conqueror?
Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any
Such nicety as Lady or Lord Fanny?"——
What would you answer? could you have the face,
When the poor suff'rer humbly mourn'd his case,
To cry, " You weep the favours of her GRACE?"

Hath not indulgent nature spread a feast,
And giv'n enough for man, enough for beast?
But man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,
In search of vanities from nature strays:
Yea, tho' the blessing's more than he can use,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues!
Weigh well the cause from whence these evils spring,
'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good thing:
Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
Never, ah! never! kiss thy neighbour's wife.

NOTES.

* The Dutchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, and she gave him a salary. In these lines Pope alludes to this connexion.

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridesque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ est.
Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat; aperte
Quod venale habet, ostendit; neque si quid honesti est
Jactat habetque palam, quærit quo turpia celet.

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Inspiciunt: ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est; emtorem ducat hiantem,
Quod pulcræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lynceï
Contemplare oculis; Hypsæa cæcior, illa
Quæ mala sunt, spectas, O crus, O brachia! verum
Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronæ, præter faciem, nil cernere possis;
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hoc facit insanum) multæ tibi tum officient res;
Custodes, lectica, ciniflones, parasitæ;
Ad talos stola demissa, et circumdata palla:
Plurima, quæ invideant pure apparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Metiri possis oculo latus. An tibi mavis
Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
Quam mercem ostendi?

First, silks and diamonds veil no finer shape,
Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble crape:
And secondly, how innocent a belle
Is she who shews what ware she has to sell;
Not lady-like, displays a milk-white breast,
And hides in sacred sluttishness the rest.

Our ancient kings (and sure those kings were wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own eyes)
A war-horse never for the service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript off all the clothes;
For well they knew, proud trappings serve to hide
A heavy chest, thick neck, or heavy side.
But fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely fore-hand strike the eye:
No eagle sharper, every charm to find,
To all defects, T——y not so blind:
Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed, is my dear,
They'll praise her elbow, heel, or tip o' th' ear.

A lady's face is all you see undress'd;
(For none but Lady M—— shew'd the rest);
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! obstacles by dozens!
Spies, guardians, guests, old women, aunts, and cozens.
Could you directly to her person go,
Stays will obstruct above, and hoops below,
And if the dame says yes, the dress says no.
Not thus at Needham's; your judicious eye
May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh!
And will you run to perils, sword, and law,
All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw?

—— Leporem venator ut alta
In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:
Cantat, et adponit, meus est amor huic similis, nam
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.
Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
Atque æstus, curasque graves e pectore tolli?
Nonne, cupidinibus statuat natura modum quem,
Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
Quærere plus prodest; et inane abscindere soldo?
Num, tibi cum fauces urit sitis, aurea quæris
Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia præter
Pavonem rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina, num, si
Ancilla aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?
Non ego: namque "parabilem amo venerem, facilemque."
Illam, post paulo, sed pluris, si exierit vir,
Gallis: hanc Philodemus ait sibi, quæ neque magno
Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum est jussa, venire.
Candida rectaque sit; munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Hæc, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
Ilia et Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat;
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
Pulsa domus strepitu resonet: ne pallida lecto

" The hare once seiz'd, the hunter heeds no more
The little scut he so pursu'd before,
Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn) sings
And 'tis for that the wanton boy has wings."
Why let him sing—but when you're in the wrong,
Think you to cure the mischief with a song?
Has nature set no bounds to wild desire?
No sense to guide, no reason to inquire,
What solid happiness, what empty pride?
And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?
If neither gems adorn, nor silver tip
The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip?
When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
Except on Pea-Chicks, at the Bedford-head?
Or when a tight, neat girl, will serve the turn,
In errant pride continue stiff, and burn?
I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,
" The thing at hand is of all things the best."
But her who will, and then will not comply,
Whose word is If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
Z——ds! let some eunuch or platonic take——
So B——t cries, philosopher and rake!
Who asks no more (right reasonable peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
Give me a willing nymph! 'tis all I care,
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
And just that white and red which nature gave.
Her I transported touch, transported view!
And call her Angel! Goddess! M——ue!
No furious husband thunders at the door;
No barking dog, no household in a roar;

Desiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;
Cruribus hæc metuat, doti hæc deprensa, egomet mî.
Discincta tunica fugiendum est, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel judice vincam.

From gleaming swords no shriek ng women run;
No wretched wife cries out, Undone! Undone!
Seiz'd in the fact, and in her cuckold's pow'r,
She kneels, she weeps, and worse! resigns her dow'r.
Me, naked me, to posts, to pumps they draw,
To shame eternal, or eternal law.
Oh love, be deep tranquillity my luck!
No mistress H—ysh—m near, no Lady B——ck!
For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell;
This truth, let L——l, J——ys, O———w tell.

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

Intermissa, Venus, diu
  Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
  Sub regno Cynaræ. desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
  Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
  Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domum
  Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comissabere Maximi;
  Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.

BOOK IV*.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breast?
Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest?
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober Fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There spread round MURRAY all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;

NOTES.

* This and the unfinished imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth book which follows, shew as happy a vein for managing the Odes of Horace as the Epistles. W.

These imitations are surely far inferior to those of the Satires and Epistles of Horace.

It may be worth observing, that the measure Pope has here chosen is precisely the same that Ben Jonson used in a translation of this very Ode; in which translation, by the way, are some lines smoother than our old bard's usual strains. Folio, p. 268.

Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecyntia
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Saliûm ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.
He with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each Rival shall submit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renew'd desire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended Dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now shewn by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

I HAVE often wondered that our author should have chosen one of the most exceptionable odes in Horace for his imitation. Every reader of the original is always disgusted with the object of it.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis;
Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves Camenæ:
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

* * *

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. Original—*Stesichorique graves*] The loss of the works of no two writers is perhaps more to be lamented than of Stesichorus and Menander. The former is thus characterized by Quintilian, l. 10. "Stesichorus quam sit Ingenio validus, materiæ quoque ostendunt, maxima bella et clarissimos duces canentem, et epici carminis onera Lyra Sustinentem. Reddit enim personis in agendo simul loquendoque debitam dignitatem: ac si tenuisset modum, videtur æmulari proximus Homerum potuisse. Of the fragments of Menander, see a paper in the Adventurer, vol. iv.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE

OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;
Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—
Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
Those rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And These, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *In Spenser*] How much this author was his favourite from his early to his later years, will appear from what he said to Mr. Spence, from whose Anecdotes I transcribe literally this passage: "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Fairy Queen when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."

Ver. 13. Misled by his usual love of antithesis, he has formed a trifling epigram, instead of giving us the manly plain sense of Horace.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES,

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THIS life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously, and says it is taken from the History of Ouffle, is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of Cervantes; for it is not easy to say, why Fielding should call his Joseph Andrews, excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner.

Don Quixote is in truth the most original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes consists in having painted his mad hero with such a number of amiable qualities, as to make it impossible for us totally to despise him. This light and shade in drawing characters shews the master. It is thus Addison has represented his Sir Roger, and Shakspeare his Falstaff. How great must be the native force of Cervantes's humour, when it can be relished by readers even unacquainted with Spanish manners, with the institution of chivalry, and with the many passages of old romances and Italian poems, to which it perpetually alludes!

There are three or four celebrated works that bear a great resemblance, and have a turn of satire similar to that of these Memoirs: The Barbon of Balsac; The Life of Montmaur, by Menage and others; the Chef d'Œuvre d'un Inconnu of Mathanase; and La Charlatanerie des Savans of Menken.

INTRODUCTION.

In the Reign of Queen Anne, (which, notwithstanding those happy Times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayest possibly, gentle Reader, have seen a certain venerable Person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decayed Gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with gray: All this contributed to spread a solemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a River God rising from the water. His Cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who

never saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some High Priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a Mind replete with Science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a Philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the Queen or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry; who either out of Jealousy or Envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a Manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The Book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is

incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the Parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English, as follows:

" Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very coy Mistress: watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of philosophers) but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against

those who are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum.* But at present I am forced to take Sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the City of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a Lady who was marked with a Pomegranate upon the inside of her right Thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful Phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her Duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who finding some letters I had written to the Duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the Purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and way-laid through several Nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this Palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand Phenomena of Nature, excepting an Earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by means of some British ship (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach*) I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To

* This marks the time when the introduction was written.

thee, my Friend, whom Fate has marked for my Historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also farther lights by many Conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen's Ministry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he for some years continued his Correspondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered Region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

OF THE PARENTAGE AND FAMILY OF SCRIBLERUS, HOW HE WAS BEGOT, WHAT CARE WAS TAKEN OF HIM BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AND WHAT PRODIGIES ATTENDED HIS BIRTH.

In the City of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profession an Antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curiosities, esteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Perga-

Memoirs] Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our Author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their de-

menian Parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers, in old times Princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for such was the name of this venerable Personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Cast from his family.

His wife was a Lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gasper Barthius. It happened on a time, the said Gasper made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Mistress. I am not ignorant of what [1]Columesius affirms, that the learned

sign, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Moral satire never lost more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they had all in equal measure, and in a measure so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom Art had brought it to higher perfection. W.

[1] Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his Opuscul. p. 102. P.

Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in Revenge suffered this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the Issue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falsehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: besides which, her Ancestors had been professors of Physic, Astrology, or Chemistry, in German Universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not blessed them with any Issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact Precautions and Methods he had used to procure that Blessing; for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his Wife for almost the whole first year to [2]Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that Author inveighs against as prejudicial to the understanding of the

[2] Galen Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3. P.

infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming it was better to be childless, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miscarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Foetus, he comforted himself, that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this [3]Author asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at west, a wind on which that great Philosopher bestowed the Encomiums of Fatner of the Earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air[4].

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable Estate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at

[3] Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

[4] Religion of Nature, Sect. v. Parag. 15. P. The seriousness with which this strange opinion, on so mysterious a point, is advanced, very well deserved this stroke of ridicule. W.

London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determined to set apart several annual Sums for the recovery of *Manuscripts*, the effossion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies;* and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second *Peireskius*[5]. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two Treatises of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirror*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Concert of Music once in twenty-four hours, according to the Custom of the Magi: and that on a [6]particular day, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on

[5] His life was elaborately written by Peter Gassendus. "He was," says Bayle, "attorney-general to the commonwealth of literature; he encouraged authors, furnished them with knowledge and materials, and spent his revenue in buying or getting copies of the most scarce and useful monuments; but had much pedantry and affectation about him. Balzac highly praises him."

[6] Ramsay's Cyrus. P. It was with judgment, that the Authors rather chose to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients, from whence he took it. As it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent

the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilius Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's Parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Astrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal Genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the column is now

things which may be learned from Antiquity, we find a modern Writer only picking out their absurdities. W.

Ramsay took this circumstance from the seventeenth book of Strabo: "Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but the Magi seemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took care to keep them always in tranquillity and perpetual cheerfulness, by sweet and innocent amusements, to the end, that from the mother's womb the fruit might receive no impressions but what were pleasing, peaceful, and agreeable, to order." Travels of Cyrus, v. i. p. 80.

erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the Codicil to Mr. Neal's Will:

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inscription on the Column in the Centre of the seven streets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neal's order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which issued several large streams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify that the child should prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewise a [7]*Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of Crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his Wit. A great swarm of [8]*Wasps* played round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: this seemed a certain presage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *Mushrooms:* this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy,

[7] Virgil's Laurel. Donat. P.

[8] Plato, Lucan, &c. P.

but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous *Fowl*, which just then dropt through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper Kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Physic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several Nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logic, a knot of Metaphysic, a knot of Casuistry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*[9].

There went a Report in the family, that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals; he cried like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Magpie, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Goose, and brayed like an Ass. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed

[9] The enthusiastic founder of the German and English Methodists, Muggletonians, Hernhuters, and the illuminated Devotees on the Continent. He was called the German Theosophist. He was a Tailor at Gorlitz.

with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer[1].

CHAP. II[2].

THE SPEECH OF CORNELIUS OVER HIS SON, AT THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

No sooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention.

[1] Vid. Eustath. in Odyss. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphia, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. P.

[2] Mr. Cambridge speaks thus of the adventures in which his own Hero is engaged. Preface, p. 10.

"If we trace him book by book, we shall find him, in the first, an enthusiastic admirer of the Ancients, desirous to imitate their heroes in action, and their writers in sentiment; and in this his extravagance does not exceed that of Pomponius Lætus, Belurger, and many others. He there appears in the light of an Antiquary, as is shewn by the collection which composes the pile; next of a Pedant, by his speech on the food of different nations, wherein he prides himself in shewing what Pope calls,

——"All such reading as was never read."

The same character still appears in his speeches on Dreams and on Oracles. After this he is seen in no other throughout the whole work than that of an Alchymist. For three whole books he is a mere spectator and admirer of the follies of others. In the second, his rashness and injudicious curiosity are set forth

He was infinitely pleased to find, that the child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held[3] the child so long, that the Midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "Swaddle him! (quoth he) far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious Custom! Is not my son a Man? and is not Man the Lord of the Universe? Is it thus you use this Monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural Liberty, at least have some to his natural faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his Fingers! a power,

in his voyage to see an earthquake; but when he arrives at the poetic land, it appears to be so little to his taste, that he flies from it immediately. In the next country he comes to, he shews no genius himself for the arts of the place, of which he contents himself to be an humble admirer. He projects nothing mechanical, and only presides over such games as his companions had learned from the Queen. Thus are the various absurd arts introduced, necessary to the completion of the plan, without either clogging the Hero's character, or losing sight of him during the whole action; and thus it is evident that Scriblerus appears only as an Antiquary, Pedant, and Alchymist. The two first characters are almost inseparable, and the last cannot be said to be incompatible with them."

[3] Most happily copied by Sterne, that true disciple of Swift, in the speech that Tristram Shandy makes over his son at his birth.

which in the small circle of a year may be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His Ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed Nurse, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not so the Ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often described "*arrectis auribus.*" "What a devil! (quoth the Midwife) would you have your son move his Ears like a Drill?" "Yes, fool (said he), why should he not have the perfection of a Drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose: "My Dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone: We have but one child, and cannot afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own eye." All the Gossips with one voice, cried "Ay, ay;" but Cornelius broke out in this manner. "What, bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a Cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous Globe is too small a Range; were it permitted, he should at least make the tour of the whole System of the Sun. [4] Let other Mortals pore upon Maps, and swallow the legends of lying Travellers; the son of Cornelius shall make his

[4] What an assemblage of strokes of true wit and original humour is there from hence to the end of this chapter!

own Legs his Compasses; with those he shall measure Continents, Islands, Capes, Bays, Straits, and Isthmuses: He shall himself take the altitude of the highest mountains, from the peak of Derby to the peak of Tenariff; when he has visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's Ark first moored, he may take a slight view of the snowy Riphæans; nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a more particular attention: I will therefore have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Etna, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla, the greatest rarity in the Northern Regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the Memphitic cave. When he has dived into the bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of Nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of Volcanoes, Earthquakes, Thunders, Tempests, and Hurricanes, I hope he will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain: Then will I have him cross the seven Gulfs, measure currents in the fifteen famous Straits, and search for those fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the Ocean." —At these last words, Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible Scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong hysteric Fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been pushed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

SHEWING WHAT BEFEL THE DOCTOR'S SON AND HIS SHIELD, ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTENING.

THE day of the Christening being come, and the house filled with Gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He remembered to have read in [5]Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield; and being possessed of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a most inestimable Relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, and to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caused him formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it[6], proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

[5] In that beautiful idyllium of Theocritus on the infant Hercules strangling the serpents, sent by Juno to destroy him; a subject that has employed the masterly pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a noble picture purchased by the Empress of Russia; and in which Sir Joshua combined all the striking circumstances mentioned by Pindar as well as Theocritus, that attended this story.

[6] See the Dissertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.

With this Treatise, and a moderate Supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculations of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and intrusted it to his House-maid, with orders, that when the company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Satin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the Manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my Friends, I propose to exhibit my Son before you; a Child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a Race of Virtuosi. Let the Physiognomists examine his Features; let the Chirographists behold his Palm; but above all let us consult for the calculation of his Nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient Shield, so famous through the Universities of Europe. You all know how I have purchased that invaluable piece of Antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the Plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his Speech, upon sight of the

Maid, who entered the room with the Child: He took it in his arms and proceeded:

"Behold then my Child, but first behold the Shield: Behold this Rust,—or rather let me call it this precious Erugo,—behold this beautiful varnish of Time, —this venerable Verdure of so many Ages——"

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole, the Tremor became universal: the Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my Shield, my Shield!"

The Truth was, the Maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her Handirons[7].

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told her what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the Gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary water, Hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he saw the Shield in the hands of the Housemaid: "O Woman! Woman!" he cried (and snatched it violently from her), was it to thy ignorance that this Relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful Crust

[7] "Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd."

that covered thee so long? Where those Traces of Time, and *Fingers* as it were of Antiquity! Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? All this the rude Touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious Prominence* at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *Cuspis* of a sword, denominated a Roman Soldier; others accounting the *Insignia Virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini;* behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a Nail. O my Shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *Non bene relicta Parmula.*"

The Gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a *Bason*, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung at his shop door." "A *Bason!* (cried another) no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paltry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly upon the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent Fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE SUCTION AND NUTRITION OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS IN HIS INFANCY, AND OF THE FIRST RUDIMENTS OF HIS LEARNING.

As soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows: "Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on Mortals separately, but constantly mingles them together. Thus at the same time hath Heaven blessed me with the birth of a Son, and afflicted me with the scouring of my Shield. Yet let us not repine at his Dispensations, who gives, and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the Rust of Antiquity which he hath been pleased to take from my Shield, may be added to my Son; and that so much of it, as it is my purpose he shall contract in his Education, may never be destroyed by any modern polishing."

He could no longer bear the sight of the Shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrusted it with a new Rust, and is the same whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his Child. Seldom did there pass a day without dis-

putes between him and the Mother, or the Nurse, concerning the Nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: Hadst thou read the Ancients, O Nurse, thou wouldst prefer the welfare of the Infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious Appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a Robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his Intellectuals." While he spoke this, the Nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the Beef.—"Passion (continued the Doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation: it is a kind of Fever of the soul, or, as Horace expresses it, a *Short Madness.* Consider, Woman, that this day's Suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable Passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a Philosopher. Romulus, by sucking a Wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed some Ottoman Emperor, or Founder of a Military Commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous Appetite."—What, interrupted the Nurse, Beef spoil the understanding? that's fine indeed—[8]how then could our Parson preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding

[8] So stale and coarse a jest on parsons might have been spared, though put indeed in the mouth of an old woman.

too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your Ancients, had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of Demonial black Broth?—"Lacedemonian black Broth, thou would'st say (replied Cornelius), but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that Diet, since it was recommended by the Divine Lycurgus. No, Nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before, and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider, Woman, the different Temperaments of different Nations[9]: What makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but Beef? what renders the Welsh so hot and choleric, but Cheese and Leeks? the French derive their levity from their Soups, Frogs, and Mushrooms: I would not let my Son dine like an Italian, lest like an Italian he should be jealous and revengeful: the warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endue him with a profound Gravity, but at the same time he might suck in with their food their intolerable Vice of Pride. Therefore, Nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not only Beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those Nations eat." During this speech, the Nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman observing, ordered that the Child, to avoid the risk of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with Butter, mixed with Honey, accord-

[9] A fine and solid ridicule on those who assign the characters of different nations to their food and diet alone. Sir W. Temple has done this in more than one of his essays.

ing to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a *Sow* with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct Insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show*[1] of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-Shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In short the old Gentleman so contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Dress. He in-

[1] The common Puppet-shows, on religious subjects, were certainly originally taken from, and were remains of, the old mysteries.

vented for him a Geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lined with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spanish: he was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his Father was wont to call, "Travelling at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural History he was much assisted by his Curiosity in *Sign-Posts*, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any Author, such as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the same of Green Men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the History of William of Newbury[2].

His disposition to the Mathematics was discovered very early, by his drawing[3] parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal Angles, so as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midst of all these Improvements, a stop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and dis-

[2] Gul. Neubrig. book i. ch. 27. P.

[3] Pascal's Life—Locke of Educ. &c. P.—There are some extravagant lies told of the excellent Pascal's amazing genius for Mathematics in his early youth; and some trifling directions given for the introduction to knowledge in Mr. Locke's book of Education.

tinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the writing-Master because he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous [4] Montaigne was educated [5], and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Father observing, caused it to be stampt with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the Child the very first day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old [6], and at four-

[4] One of the few writers whose many egotisms are interesting and amusing; and who by laying open what passed in his own heart, has given us a great insight into human nature. The minute detail of the manner in which he was educated is very entertaining.

[5] Who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could speak the other perfectly.

[6] So Montaigne says of his Latin—George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à mains qu'ils craignoient à m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusqu' à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encore, et ont pris pied par l'usage plusieurs appellations Latines d'Artisans et d'Outils.

teen he composed a Tragedy in the same language, as the younger [8] Pliny had done before him.

He learned the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical Traditions of his *Nurse*.

CHAP. V[1].

A DISSERTATION UPON PLAY-THINGS.

HERE followed the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be used by his son Martin.

[8] Plin. Epist. Lib. 7. P.

[1] Whatever may be determined of other parts of these Memoirs, yet this chapter, the sixth, seventh, eighth, and tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading. The rich vein of humour which, like a vein of Mercury, runs though these memoirs, is much heightened and increased by the great variety of learning which they contain: it is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that

"*Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy against *Hunger*. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented *Dice* to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by Nature, that Children, as they have the keenest *Appetites*, are most addicted to *Plays*. From the same cause, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds, it proceeds, that the Plays of the Ancient Children are preserved more entire than any other of their Customs[2]. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my Son's Education, that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple Antiquity.

"To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first of all play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond with ancient *Fistula*, and accordingly to be composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

"I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *Crepitaculum*, or *Rattle* of the Ancients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking Earthen Ware. The *China* Cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern *Rattles;* which is an evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of wit and humour, have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler, above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than Hudibras.

[2] Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of tradition; it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but amongst School-boys; whose games and plays are delivered down invariably the same, from one generation to another. W.

"I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *Top*, till I am better informed whether the *Trochus* which was recommended by *Cato* be really our present *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *Cross* and *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and *Drakes*, are quite so ancient as *Handy-dandy*, though Macrobius and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minutius Felix describes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mentioned by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

"The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and the French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of *Psyché*, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

"Julius Pollux describes the *Omilla*, or *Chuck-farthing*; though some will have our modern *Chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients. He also mentions the *Basilinda*, or *King I am*; and *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide*.

"But the *Chytrindra* described by the same Author is certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by pinching and not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the *Rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockles*. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

"*Building of Houses*, and *Riding upon Sticks*, have been used by Children in all ages; *Ædificare casas*, *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the Riding upon Sticks did not come into use after the age of the *Centaurs*.

"There is one Play which shews the gravity of

ancient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which children contended who could longest *stand still*. This we have suffered to perish entirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first lost among the *French*.

"I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidascinda*, which can be no other than our *Puss in a Corner*.

"Julius Pollux in his ninth book speaks of the *Melolonthe* or the *Kite;* but I question whether the Kite of Antiquity was the same with ours: and though the Ὀρτυγοκοπία or *Quail-fighting* is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless *Cock-matches* also, as is evident from certain ancient Gems and Relievos.

"In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any Game truly Antique, except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their Companions in a Rope, and gave him a Knife to cut himself down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

"I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty of the Greek names, whose Etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of Plays."

Notwithstanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the Child the use of some few modern Play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling

an early notion of the Sciences. [3]For example, he found that Marbles taught him *Percussion* and the *Laws of Motion; Nut-crackers* the use of the *Lever; Swinging* on the ends of a Board, the *Balance; Bottlescrews* the *Vice; Whirligigs* the *Axis* in *Peritrochia; Bird-cages* the *Pulley;* and *Tops* the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were carried farther to improve his tender soul even in Virtue and Morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

[3] This passage is equalled in humour by the Oxford Guide, p. 11.

"The schools of this university are also more numerous than is commonly supposed; among which we must reckon three spacious and superb edifices, situated to the southward of the High-street, one hundred feet long, by thirty in breadth, vulgarly called Tennis Courts; where exercise is regularly performed both morning and afternoon. Add to these, certain schools, familiarly denominated Billiard Tables, where the laws of motion are exemplified, and which may be considered as a necessary supplement to our courses of experimental philosophy. Nor must we omit the many nine-pin and skittle-alleys, open and dry, for the instruction of scholars in geometrical knowledge, and particularly for proving the centripetal principle.

"Other schools, and places of academical discipline, not generally known as such, may be mentioned. The Peripatetics execute the courses proper to their system upon the Parade; Navigation is learnt on the Isis, Gunnery on the adjacent hills, Horsemanship on Port-meadow, Bullington-green, the Henley, Wycombe, Woodstock, Abingdon, and Banbury Roads. The Axis in Peritrochia is admirably illustrated by a scheme in a phaeton; the doctrine of the screw is practically explained most evenings in the private rooms, together with the motion of fluids."

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Custom of the Lacedemonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE GYMNASTICS, IN WHAT EXERCISES MARTINUS WAS EDUCATED; SOMETHING CONCERNING MUSIC, AND WHAT SORT OF A MAN HIS UNCLE WAS.

Nor was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest Antiquity, in relation to the *Exercises* of his Son. He was stripped, powdered, and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the Laundress about dirtying his linen. When he played at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; because the *Discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports, and common Customs; but this was his constant reply, "Let a Daughter be the care of her Mother, but the Education of a Son should be the delight of his Father."

It was about this time he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpastus* of the Ancients was yet in use in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was sensible the common *Foot-ball*

was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the West, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnastics*. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his Mother he would instantly cure it. He slit a green Reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words[4], *Daries, daries, astataries, dissunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, ista, pista, fista, domi abo, damnaustra.* But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her Son to the like dangerous Exercises for the future, proposed to send for a Dancing-Master, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* said the best Dancers were the best Warriors; but not those species of Dancing which you mention: They are certainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satiric Dance, which were utterly disliked by the sounder Ancients. Martin shall learn the Tragic Dance only, and I will send all over Europe, till I find an Antiquary able to instruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica.* [5]Scaliger, from whom

[4] Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra cujus verba inserere non equidem serio ausim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. *Caton. de re rust.* c. 160. P.

[5] Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos*

my son is lineally descended, boasts to have performed this warlike Dance in the presence of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as not to know the least step of that noble kind of *Saltation?*"

The poor Lady was at last inured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*Spleen*, *Garter*, and *Girdle*, are the three impediments to the *Cursus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauterized. "My Son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover it will cure that immoderate Laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: For Laughter (as the same Author hath it, ibid.) is caused by the bigness of the Spleen." This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent for his brother Albertus, begged him for the love of God to make haste to her Husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the World, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from

sæpe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, repræsentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit. P.

many extravagances. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire Quota of his Viscera. "What does it signify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew excels in the *Cursus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of Cowardice, witness Hares and Deer."——"Do not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius) I know that Running has been condemned by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could say, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται; a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

That's true (quoth Albertus); but pray consider on the other side, that Animals [6]spleen'd grow extremely salacious, an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was struck with this, and replied gravely; "If it be so, I will defer the Operation, for I will not increase the powers of my Son's body at the expense of those of his mind. I am indeed disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I must sit down at last contented with such Methods of Education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all, had we lived in the age of Augustus! Then my Son might have heard the Philosophers dispute in the Porticos of the Palæstra, and at the same time formed his Body and his Understanding." "It is true (replied Albertus) we have no *Exedra* for the Philosophers, adjoining to our

[6] Blackmore's Essay on the Spleen. P.

Tennis-Courts; but there are Ale-houses where he will hear very notable argumentations: [7] Though we come not up to the Ancients in the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the κυβιστικὴ, or the art of *Tumbling*. The ancients would have beat us at *Quoits*, but not so much at the *Jaculum* or *pitching the Bar*. The [8] *Pugilatus* is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the *Cornish-Hug* in the [9] *Luctus* is equal to the *volutatoria* of the Ancients." "You could not (answered Cornelius) have produced a more unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what you say of the *Jaculum*. [1] The Cretans wisely forbid their servants Gymnastics, as well as Arms; and yet your modern Footmen exercise themselves daily in the *Jaculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilst their enervated Lords are lolling in their chariots (a species of Vectitation seldom used among the Ancients, except by old men)." You say well (quoth Albertus), and we have several other kinds of Vectitation unknown to the Ancients; particularly flying Chariots, where the people may have the benefit of this exercise at the small expense of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) that the Ancients excelled us almost in every thing, yet why this singularity? your Son must take up with such masters as the present age affords; we have

[7] It is almost impossible to read, without a smile, what Brown, in his Dissertation, p. 27, has with much seriousness and gravity advanced on the importance of Dancing among the Ancients; accompanied with something like a wish, that modern Divines would make it a part of religious ceremonies.

[8] Fisty-Cuffs. P.

[9] Wrestling. P.

[1] Aristot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. P.

Dancing-masters, Writing-masters, and Music-masters."

The bare mention of *Music* threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of Music? Will any of your best Hautboys encounter a Wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild Boars, Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales, or Turbots, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern Scrapers, all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient Musicians? Does not [2]Ælian tell us how the Lybian Mares were excited to horsing by Music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest Women against frequenting Operas; and consider, Brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the power of your Music.) Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not from the loss of ancient Music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the Virtues? Else might we turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the Pipe? [3]All this was well known to the Ancients, as

[2] Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. P.

[3] Nothing can exceed the exquisite humour of this fine ridicule on the supposed effects of ancient music; which nobody has carried to a greater extreme than Isaac Vossius de Poemat. Cantu

[4]Theoprastus assures us (whence [5]Cælius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*); only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the Tarantula. Did not [6]Pythagoras stop a company of drunken Bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the Pipe to the sober Spondæus? and yet your modern Musicians want art to defend their windows from common Nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedemonian Mob were up, they [7]commonly sent for a Lesbian Musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm, as soon as they heard Terpander sing: Yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of Music, though the best of this age, could keep his Holiness's Image from being burnt on a fifth of November." "Nor

et Viribus Rhythmi, p. 47, who tells us, "That to build cities, surround them with walls, to assemble or dismiss the people, to celebrate the praises of gods and men, to govern fleets and armies, to accompany all the functions and ceremonies of peace and war, and to temper the human passions, were the original offices of music: in short, ancient Greece was wholly governed by the lyre." Dr. Brown insists that this ridicule of Scriblerus is founded on an entire misrepresentation or misapprehension of the true nature of ancient music, which implied not only Melody, but Verse or Song; and was the established vehicle of all the leading principles of their Religion, Morals, and Polity. It was to such an artist that Agamemnon consigned the care of Clytemnestra in his absence, whose banishment furnished Thomson with the finest part of his Tragedy; and it is thus we must interpret what Polybius says of the effect of music, in the well-known passage of his fourth Book concerning the Arcadians. The reader will be much entertained by turning to the tenth section of Burney's excellent History of Ancient Music.

[4] Athenæus, lib. xiv. P.

[5] Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. P.

[6] Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. P.

[7] Suidas in Timotheo. P.

would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of them together bring [8]Horneck to common civility." "That's a gross mistake" (said Cornelius very warmly), "and to prove it so, I have here a small Lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity" (says Albertus); "for yonder are two Applewomen scolding and just ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body: He touched his Lyra with a very unusual sort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Instrument, the strangeness of the Man and of the Music, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole Mob that were got about the two female Champions, and at last of the Combatants themselves. They all approached the Balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his Music encouraged him mightily, and it was observed he never touched his Lyre in such a truly chro-

[8] Horneck, a scurrilous Scribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *the High German Doctor*.

matic and enharmonic manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark" (quoth he) "in this, the power of the Ionian, in that, you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest Air of Triumph in the world. "Brother" (said he), "do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the *Phrygian;* I might change it to the *Lydian,* and soften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn from this Sample to speak with veneration of ancient Music. If this Lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost Exultation in himself, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

CHAP. VII.

RHETORIC, LOGIC, METAPHYSICS.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his son, thought it now high

time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judged it proper in the first place to instruct him in *Rhetoric*. But herein we shall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his Treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable Discourse Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till, about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples, drawn from the excellent live Poets of this present age. We proceed therefore to *Logic* and *Metaphysics*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being *Polemical* Arts, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some Youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble Companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was cousin to Mr. *Swan*, Gamester and Punster of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with *Words*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise Men, and ready money of Fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a Parent, and such a Com-

panion! What might not he achieve in Arts and Sciences!

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one Operation of the Intellect, though, like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: They can form *single apprehensions*[1], but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense, have the others in more perfection, such people will form single Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the Intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however he used to say, that Rules of Logic are Spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from Material things of the abstracted Ideas of Logic: as for Crambe, he contented himself with the Words, and when he could but form some conceit upon

[1] When Dr. Mead once urged to our Author the authority of Patrick the Dictionary-maker, against the latinity of the expression, *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, "that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together." W.

them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his Instructor, that All men were not *singular;* that Individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man *is* not the same he *was*, that mad men are *beside themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves;* which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, Individuality[2]. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of Mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor;) but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents;* then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident* that it could be *present* or *absent without the destruction of the subject;* since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death;* that though a man after his na-

[2] "But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without doubt the same man would at different times make different persons. Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punishing the mad man for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man for what the mad man did, thereby making them two persons; which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in English, when they say such a one *is not himself*, or *is beside himself.*" Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, B. ii. c. 27. W.

Pope frequently owned he did not relish Locke, nor the generality of writers on metaphysical subjects.

tural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his Stall among the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images, thus calling up the Coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the Bear-garden? the man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher; the Serjeant had red Breeches, the Butcher Blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Serjeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the predicaments[3]. Men, *substantia;* two, *quantitas;* fair and black, *qualitas;* Serjeant and Butcher, *relatio;* wounded the other, *actio et passio;* fighting, *situs;* Stage, *ubi;* two o'Clock, *quando;* blue and red Breeches, *habitus.*" At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a Logician, he must *forget* as a natural Philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteristics of Relations: Crambe used to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a

[3] I have frequently heard Mr. Harris, who was a man of as much humour as philosophy, laugh at and enjoy this passage of Scriblerus.

losing Gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his Father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the Paternity and Filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the Tenth predicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin supposed a *Universal Man* to be like a Knight of the Shire, or a Burgess of a Corporation, that represented a great many Individuals. His Father asked him, if he could not frame the Idea of a Universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his Fur Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the Horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon, not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to shew himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his Horse, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor[4]. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying Rascal; that a

[4] This is not a fair representation of what is said in the *Essay on Human Understanding*, concerning *general and abstract Ideas*. But serious Writers have done that Philosopher the same injustice with these wanton Wits, who employed this ridicule in com-

Universale was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or *a parte Rei.* But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clysters a parte Rei,* but *Clysters* are *Universales; ergo.* Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis,* is a *universale* by definition: but every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is a *universale.*

He also found fault with the Advertisements, that they were not strict logical *definitions:* In an advertisement of a Dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *Genus canum,* &c. Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus,* yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia,* and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Grayhound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a Lady.* Grayhound, *genus;* mouse-coloured, &c. *differentia;* lame of one leg, *accidens;* belongs to such a Lady, *proprium.*

Though I am afraid I have transgressed upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing, more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms.* He supposed, that a Philosopher's brain

pliment to the sentiments of Lord Bolingbroke, who in his Metaphysics, or *first Philosophy,* borrows the reasoning of those serious Writers against *general and abstract Ideas.* W.

was like a great Forest, where Ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those Ideas copulated, and engendered Conclusions; that when those of different Species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissa*, or Predecessors of the Conclusion; and it is properly said by the Logicians, *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they *beget* science, opinion, &c. Universal Propositions are Persons of quality; and therefore in Logic they are said to be of the first *Figure*. Singular Propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

I. That there are only Three Terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From universal premises there follows a universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

III. From the singular premises follow only a singular conclusion; that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *Individua vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than

was in the premises, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.

IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.

X. When the premises or parents are necessarily joined (or in lawful wedlock), they beget lawful issue; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

So much for the Affirmative propositions; the Negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe used to value himself upon this System, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *Such a one has a barren imagination;* and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premises? therefore as an Absurdity is a *Monster*, a Falsity is a *Bastard;* and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premises, may properly be said to be *adopted.* But then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept secret.*

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to ex-

ercise the Weapons *Logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father and his other Learned Companions of the Symposiacks. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter:* But it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those Distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke. Their *Theses* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the Reader a taste of some of them.

I. If the Innate Desire of the knowledge of Metaphysics was the cause of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed.*

II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirmed.*

III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus? affirmed.*

V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a *possible Angel* better than an *actually-existent fly? denied.*

VII. If Angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas*[5].

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel says to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the State of Innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number, because the Creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned Person we may have occasion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

[5] A hundred other questions, far more ridiculous than this, may be extracted out of Thomas Aquinas. It does not seem to be much known that he also was a Poet, and author of a celebrated Latin Hymn, beginning thus:

"Pange Lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi Pretium,
Fructus Ventris generosi,
Rex effudit Gentium."

In this Trochaïc measure most of the Hymns used in the Romish Church are written, the feet being to be measured by accent, not quantity, like the following:

"Where each old poetic mountain,
Inspiration breath'd around!"

XIV. *An præter* esse reale *actualis essentia sit aliud* esse necessarium *quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to banish Metaphysics out of Spain, which it was supposed might be effectuated by this method: That nobody should use any Compound or Decompound of the Substantial Verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphysician from *ens*, *essentia*, *entitas*, *substantia*, etc. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Substantial Forms*, a race of harmless beings, which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistance to many poor Philosophers, should now be hunted down like so many Wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with *Essences*, which had retired from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries' Shops*, where some of them had been advanced into the degree of *Quintessences*. He thought there should be a retreat for poor *substantial forms*, amongst the Gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed *substantial forms*, such as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logic*, as well as for those who should discover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII[1].

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his Reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Professor of Anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *Intestines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you please (he replied) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reason (answered the Professor) affirm, that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up. Shew me any viscus of the human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the

[1] There can be no doubt that this whole Chapter is by Dr. Arbuthnot, whose science was equal to his humour, and much heightened by it.

same age, why may she not have extended farther in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antediluvian; of the strength of Samson, or the size of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in the parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard Drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Consider how Luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably altered the whole Course of the Fluids. Consider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine, that the Microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood first began to circulate.—Such disputes as these frequently perplexed the Professor to that degree that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a Malefactor, he hired a Room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn-Road. Crambe (to whose care this

body was committed) carried it thither about twelve o'clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few House-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of Operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burden had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noise exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Economy could remain in a dead man) was so terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin, with all his Philosophy, could not prevail upon him to return to his Post.—You may say what you please (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awaked the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out Thieves! but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid, with only a single petticoat, ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street, and cried out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming

down stairs. The Watch imagining they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them, several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examined Crambe—What is your Name? says the Justice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity.—What is yours and your Master's profession? "It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's Confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech:

"May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers allege against me, to a hair. They have hitherto talked like num-sculls without brains; but if your Worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand cheek by jowl by your Worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened ther lips without a falsity; though they have shewed their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be slightly skinned over. Though I have no man here to back me, I

will unbosom myself, since Truth is on my side, and shall give them their bellies full, though they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings, with arms, and murdered this man without their privity, I declare I had not the least finger in it; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this usage: I shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name: I was ever reckoned a good liver; and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I shall ever acknowledge myself, your Worship's humble Servant."

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinced, till they sent for the Finisher of human laws, of whom the Corpse had been purchased; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. "What Demon," he cried, "hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning? Neither my counsel nor my example have thus misled thee; thou governest thyself by most erroneous Maxims." Far from it (answers Crambe), my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Calendar of radical words for

all the seasons, months, and days, of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word: but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *Led?* Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Physicians and Pulses fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pilled, a New-married Man and an Ass are bride-led, an Old-married Man and a Pack-horse sad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are sty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are spark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot) which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable —There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, composing his countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds seventeen shillings and nine-pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words:—O Cicero, Cicero[2]! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd.

[2] Who irritated Augustus by his pun on the word *Tollendus*, applied to that Usurper. Cicero it is well known had too much levity in his witty sarcasms.

—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his Service.

CHAP. IX.

HOW MARTINUS BECAME A GREAT CRITIC.

It was a most peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables* or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*[3], if applied to their Works, with the same *diligence*, and the same

[3] Jortin has more than once animadverted on our Author's Sarcasms on Critics and Grammarians; and, in the Life of Erasmus, says, "I remember to have met with a passage in a certain writer, which is not at all favourable to the Grammarians. 'My friendship I bestow upon Philosophers;—as to Sophists, little Grammarians, and such sort of scoundrels, Cacodæmons, I neither have, or ever will have, any regard for them.' The man abhors Grammarians and Grammar, I suppose. But who is the author of this bit of Greek, thus literally translated? An extraordinary person, I assure you; a Projecter, a Visionaire, a Linguist by inspiration, a Crack, a Conjurer; in short, Apollonius Tyanensis. He is the man; and the Grammarians account it no disgrace to be vilified by a Mountebank."

liberty. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *most correct* Authors could be so served with any reputation to the Critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless Field of Glory would be opened to the true and *absolute Critic*.

This specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re[4]. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

OF MARTINUS'S UNCOMMON PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND HOW HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISEASES OF THE MIND.

BUT it is high time to return to the History of the Progress of Martinus in the studies of Physic, and to enumerate some at least of the many Discoveries and Experiments he made therein.

[4] Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, spoke with much contempt (but surely without just grounds) of those two accomplished scholars and critics, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play-book. Whiston mentions this in his Memoirs of Dr. Clarke, p. 113.

One of the first was his Method of investigating latent Distempers, by the sagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The success, and the adventures that befel him, when he walked with these Animals, to smell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *List of those Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full set*, will be published in time convenient. There will also be added the Representation, which, on occasion of one distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself obliged to lay before both Houses of Parliament, entitled, *A proposal for a general Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

But being wearied of all practice on *fœtid Bodies:* from a certain niceness of Constitution (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a Twelvemonth's course of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specifics for all the *Passions;* and as other Physicians throw their Patients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he cast them into Love, Hatred, Hope, Fear, Joy, Grief, &c. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Passions in the English Nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the Diseases of the Mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in *Anatomy*. He considered *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular

parts of the body. A Bird flies because it has Wings, a Duck swims because it is web-footed: and there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter-muscles[5] in Lions and Tigers, are the cause of the great and habitual Immorality of those Animals.

1st. He observed, that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Instruments whereby she usually expresseth that Passion, you will in time abate the Passion itself, in like manner as Castration abates Lust.

2dly. That the Soul in mankind expresseth every Passion by the Motion of some particular *Muscles.*

3dly. That all Muscles grow stronger and thicker by being *much used;* therefore the habitual Passions may be discerned in particular persons by the *strength* and *bigness* of the Muscles used in the expression of that Passion.

4thly. That a Muscle may be strengthened or weakened by weakening or strengthening the force of its Antagonist. These things premised, he took notice,

That *complaisance*, *humility*, *assent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *dissent*, *dislike*, *refusal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body back-

[5] Μασσητῆρες μύες.

wards : which two Passions of *assent* and *dissent* the Latins rightly expressed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere.* Now he observed, that complaisant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very strong ; but in the proud and insolent there was a great overbalance of strength in the Extensors of the Neck and the Muscles of the Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *tossing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have justly acquired the title of *stiff-necked:* In order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judged that the pair of Muscles called *Recti interni*, the Mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, must be strengthened ; their Antagonists, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the extensors of the Spine, weakened : For which purpose Nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this Muscular Immorality by tying such fellows *Neck and Heels.*

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Custom of Mothers, who abolish the natural Signature of Modesty in their Daughters, by teaching them *tossing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of *stooping* and *hanging down the head.* Martinus charged all husbands to take notice of the *Posture of the Head* of such as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muscles so strong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he supposed might in some measure be corrected by being tied down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians ; which doctrine was strongly confirmed by his observing the strength of the *leva-*

tores Scapulæ: this Muscle is called the Muscle of *patience*, because in that affection of Mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in *Henpecked Husbands*, in *Italians*, and in *English Ministers*.

In pursuance of his Theory, he supposed the *constrictors* of the *Eye-lids* must be strengthened in the supercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *Cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Nose*, were too strong in Choleric people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Nose*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the passion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *Calves* of their *Legs*, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckoned extremely difficult. First, *Affectation*, in which there were so many Muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate *Laughter*[6]:

[6] Lord Chesterfield has been justly ridiculed for his formal and affected censure of Laughter, as a part of behaviour unsuited to a person of quality. Congreve gives the same sentiment to Lord Froth.

When any of that risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he considered what an infinity of Muscles these laughing Rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the Diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body: when he considered, I say, all this, he used to cry out, *Casus plane deplorabilis!* and give such Patients over.

CHAP. XI.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN AT COURT, WITH THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

An eminent Instance of Martin's Sagacity in discovering the distempers of the Mind, appeared in the case of a young Nobleman at Court, who was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none but Flatterers, Poets, and Pick-pockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *Love.*

His friends assured him, that they had with great care observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no Woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How can that be?" said his Aunt, who came to ask the advice, "when he converses almost with none but himself?" Say you so? he replied; why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished people do not enough attend this Disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure, with the other: especially since here the case, of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people, who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nursed by such Mothers, as, with their good will, would never suffer their children to be *crossed in love.* Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: Constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about Billet-doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O Lord! Sir," quoth the Aunt, "the house is haunted with them."—There it

is (replied Scriblerus); those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil Ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my Nephew is not awkward."—Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies so—Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the Aunt. —Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own, quoth the Aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himself.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass.—Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blessed with a smile of himself as he passes by.—Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.—Have you observed him to use Familiarities with any body? "With none but himself: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he claps his hand upon his hip, nay sometimes thrusts it into his breast."

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any Love-toys; such as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. "Not only so," said the Aunt, "but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond Ring for his own wearing."—Nay,

if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose.—Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear."——Then the case is plain: he has the true Pathognomick sign of Love, *Jealousy;* for no body will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a *very secret Intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this Patient has not the least care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

First, let him *** *Hiatus.* *** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-scoute. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-cases (and particularly the Diamond Ring), which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile Qualities of this Mistress of his: let him be shewn, that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodi-

gality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been false to himself; and if Treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a Mistress, what is? In short, let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glasses, polished Toys, and even clean Plates, be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprise the Beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked stradling Animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun-hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the Letters, Dedications, etc. above-said. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius[7] and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of Women. If all this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the Fate of most violent Self-lovers.

[7] Lucretius, towards the end of the fourth book. The satire in this and the next chapter is so exquisite, that it is difficult to know which to prefer.

CHAP. XII.

HOW MARTINUS ENDEAVOURED TO FIND OUT THE SEAT OF THE SOUL, AND OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE FREE-THINKERS.

In this Design of Martin to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Inquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul;* in which at first he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart. Afterward he thought it was absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: [8]The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But

[8] Inquiries into the Seat of the Soul are finely ridiculed in the first canto of Prior's Alma; an original work, and perhaps the very best of all his compositions, which abounds equally in wit, pleasantry, humour, and good sense, and is a perfect pattern of facility of versification. When Prior asked Pope how he liked his Solomon, he answered, "Your Alma is a masterpiece." The other replied, "What do you tell me of my Alma—a loose and hasty scribble, to relieve the hours of my imprisonment." This judgment of Pope occasioned two satirical lines in a poem, written afterward, called the Impertinent:

"Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme,
Was much too grave to be sublime."

For it was his Solomon on which Prior chiefly valued himself. In some manuscripts of Prior, which I once read by the favour of the late Dutchess Dowager of Portland, he says he took the idea of his Alma from a Spanish writer, who describes the progress of the Soul from the toes to the head.

as he saw several Offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several operations by her little Ministers, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philosophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fiddlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers of mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tigers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: in order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these Inquiries into the *Seat* of the *Soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of *Free-thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following Letter:

TO THE LEARNED INQUISITOR INTO NATURE, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: THE SOCIETY OF FREE-THINKERS GREETING.

Grecian Coffee-house, May 7.

It is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Nonentity commonly called the *Soul:* since, after all your inquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the Residence of such a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming Philosophers. Is it not *Demonstration* to a person of your Sense, that, since *you cannot find it*, there is *no such thing?* In order to set so hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded Sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise an easy *mechanical explication* of *Perception* or *Thinking*.

[9]One of their chief arguments is, that *Self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of Matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings,

[9] This whole Chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments against Clarke, to prove the Soul to be only a Quality.

which never can make up one individual thinking Being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition: So in an Animal, the Self-consciousness is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roasting in a Jack), but the result of several Modes or Qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception, or consciousness, is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the Jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, etc. are the several Modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkey, etc. are the several Modes of meat-roasting, And as the general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does Consciousness, with its several Modes of sensation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or Disposition of a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Instrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

The Parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation: so that the same Individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual Consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the Unity of the whole System.

They make a great noise about this Individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the Particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of Consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings, both be-

fore and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings: and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual, self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a *Majority*, so it is in every Animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking Beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking Members, compose one thinking System.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that Punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the Brain, the several Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomists, that the Brain is a Congeries of Glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called Animal spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the Arietation and Motion of the Spirits in those Canals, proceed all the different sorts

of Thoughts. Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one Simple Canal; when two of these Canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a Proposition; and when two of these propositional Canals empty themselves into a third, they form a Syllogism, or a Ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the Brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other Modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceed from the bad configuration of those Glands. Some, for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical Canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the Spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our Hypothesis, that we have employed one of our Members, a great Virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an Hydraulic Engine, in which a chemical liquor resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pulleys, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles: and we are persuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound

up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your Country Parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advised his Master by no means to enter into their Society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after his present life.

CHAP. XIII[1].

THE DOUBLE MISTRESS.

But now the successful course of the Studies of Martin was interrupted by Love: Love, that unnerves the vigour of the Hero, and softens the severity of the Philosopher. It chanced, that as Martin was walking forth to inhale the fresh breeze of the Evening, after the long and severe studies of the

[1] It is thought proper here to insert this Chapter, omitted in the last Edition, though published in the Quarto, 1741, as it is full of the most exquisite original humour.

day, and passing through the Western confines of the famous Metropolis of Albion, not far from the proud Battlements of the Palace of Whitehall, whose walls are embraced by the silver Thames; his eyes were drawn upwards by a large square piece of canvas, which hung forth to the view of the passing Citizens. Upon it was portrayed by some accurate pencil, the Lybian Leopard, more fierce than in his native Desert; the mighty Lion, who boasted thrice the bulk of the Nemæan Monster; before whom stood the little Jackall, the faithful spy of the King of beasts: near these was placed, of two cubits high, the black Prince of Monomotapa; by whose side were seen the glaring Cat-a-mountain, the quill-darting Porcupine, and the man-mimicking man-tiger. Close adjoining to this hung another piece of canvas, on which was displayed the portrait of two Bohemian Damsels, whom Nature had as closely united as the ancient Hermaphroditus and Salmacis; and whom it was as impossible to divide, as the mingled waters of the gentle Thames and the amorous Isis. While Martin stood in a meditating posture, feasting his eyes on this picture, he heard on a sudden the sonorous notes of a Clarion, which seemed of the purest crystal: in an instant the passing multitude flocked to the sound, as when a Drum summons the straggling soldiers to the approaching Battle. The youthful Virtuoso, who was in daily pursuit of the Curiosities of Nature, was immediately surrounded by the gazing throng.—The doors, for ever barred to the pennyless populace, seemed to open themselves at his pro-

ducing a Silver Sixpence, which (like Æneas's golden bough) gained him admission into that scene of wonders. He no sooner entered the first apartment, but his nostrils were struck with the scent of carnage; broken bones and naked carcasses bestrewed the floor. The majestic Lion roused from his bed, and shook his brindled mane; the spotted Leopard gnashed his angry teeth, and walking to and fro, in indignation rattled his chains. Martin with infinite pleasure heard the History of the several Monsters, which was courteously opened to him by a Person of a grave and earnest mien, whose frank behaviour and ready answers discovered him to have been long conversant with different Nations, and to have journeyed through distant Regions. By him he was informed, that the Lion was hunted on the hills of Lebanon, by the Basha of Jerusalem; that the Leopard was nursed in the uninhabited woods of Lybia; the Porcupine came from the kingdom of Prester-John; and the Man-tiger was a true descendant of the celebrated Hanniman the Magnificent. Sir, said Mr. Randal (for that was the name of the Master of the Show), the whole world cannot match these prodigies: twice have I sailed round the globe; these feet have traversed the most remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conscience affirm, that not all the Deserts of the four quarters of the earth furnish out a more complete set of animals than what are contained within these walls.— Friend (answered Martin), bold is thy assertion, and wonderful is the knowledge of a Traveller. But didst thou ever risk thyself among the Scythian

Cannibals, or those wild Men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards? hast thou ever seen the Sciopi, so called because, when laid supine, they shelter themselves from the sun-beams with the shadow of their feet? canst thou procure me a Troglodyte Footman, who can catch a Roe at his full speed? hast thou ever beheld those Illyrian Damsels, who have two sights in one eye, whose looks are poisonous to males that are adult? hast thou ever measured the gigantic Ethiopian, whose stature is above eight cubits high, or the sesquipedalian Pigmey? hast thou ever seen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a dog, and whose milk is the only true specific for Consumptions?—Sir (replied Mr. Randal), all these have I beheld, upon my honour, and many more, which are set forth in my journal: as for your dog-faced men, they are no other than what stands before you; that is naturally their fiercest, but by art the tamest Mantiger in the world.—That word (replied Martin) is a corruption of the Mantichora of the Ancients, the most noxious animal that ever infested the earth, who had a sting above a cubit long, and would attack a rank of armed men at once, flinging his poisonous darts several miles around him. Canst thou inform me whether the Boars grunt in Macedonia? canst thou give me a certificate that the Lions in Africa are afraid of the scolding of Women? hast thou ever heard the sagacious Hyæna counterfeit the voice of a Shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a Man to draw dogs together, and even call a Shepherd by his proper name? your Crocodile is but a small

one; but you ought to have brought with him the bird Trochilos, that picks his teeth after dinner, at which the silly animal is so pleased, that he gapes wide enough to give the Ichneumon, his mortal enemy, an entrance into his belly. Your modern Ostriches are dwindled to mere Larks in comparison to those of the Ancients; theirs were equal in stature to a man on horse-back. Alas! we have lost the chaste bird Porphyrion, the whole race was destroyed by Women, because they discovered the infidelity of Wives to their Husbands. The Merops too is now no where to be found, the only bird that flew backwards by the tail. But say, canst thou inform me what Dialect of the Greek is spoken by the birds of Diomede's Island? for it is from them only we can learn the true pronunciation of that ancient language.—Mr. Randal made no satisfactory answer to these demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern Monsters, and seemed willing to confine his instances to the animals of his own collection, pointing to each of them in order with his rod.

After Martin had satisfied his curiosity here, he was conducted into another apartment. Just at the entrance of the door appeared a Negro Prince. His habiliments bespoke him royal; his head was crowned with the feather of an Ostrich, his sable feet and legs were interlaced with purple and gold, spangled with diamonds of Cornwall, and the precious stones of Bristol. Though his stature was of the lowest, yet he behaved himself with such an air of grandeur as gave evident tokens of his Regal Birth and Education. He was mounted upon the

least Palfrey in the Universe; a Palfrey whose natural beauty stood not in need of those various coloured ribands which braided his mane, and were interwoven with his tail. Again the crystal clarion sounded, and after several courteous speeches between the black Prince and Martin, our youthful Philosopher walked into the midst of the room, to bless his sight with the most beautiful curiosity of nature. On a sudden, entered at another door, the two Bohemian Sisters, whose common parts of generation had so closely allied them, that Nature seemed here to have conspired with Fortune, that their lives should run in an eternal parallel.

The Sun had twice eight times performed his annual course, since their Mother brought them into the world with double pangs. Lindamira's eyes were of a lively blue; Indamora's were black and piercing. Lindamira's cheeks might rival the blush of the morning; in Indamora the lily overcame the rose. Lindamira's tresses were of the paler gold, while the locks of Indamora were black and glossy as the plumes of a raven. How great is the power of Love in human breasts! In vain has the wise man recourse to his reason, when the insinuating arrow touches his heart, and the pleasing poison is diffused through his veins. But then how violent, how transporting, must that passion prove, where not only the fire of youth, but the unquenchable curiosity of a Philosopher, pitched upon the same object! For how much soever our Martin was enamoured on her as a beautiful woman, he was infinitely more ravished with her as a charming Monster. What wonder

then if his gentle spirit, already humanized by a polite education to receive all soft impressions, and fired by the sight of those beauties so lavishly exposed to his view, should prove unable to resist at once so pleasing a passion and so amiable a phænomenon?

Martin, who felt the true motions of Love, blushed that the object of his flame should be so openly prostituted to vulgar eyes; and though he had been permitted to peruse her most secret charms, yet his honourable passion was so strong, that it ran into the extreme of bashfulness; so that at the first interview he made no overtures of his Love. Pensive he returned, and flinging himself on his couch, passed away the tedious hours of the night in the utmost Inquietude. The rushy Taper afforded a glimmering light, by which he contemplated the tender lines of Ovid; but, alas! his Remedy of Love was no cure for our unhappy Lover's anxiety! He closed the amorous volume, sighed, and casting his eyes around on the Books that adorned his room, broke forth in this pathetic Apostrophe:

"O ye Spirits of Antiquity, who yet live in those sacred leaves! why do I make you conscious of my shame? Yet why should I depreciate the noble passion of Love, and call it shame? Your Heroes have felt it, your Poets and Orators have praised it. Were I enamoured on some gaudy Virgin, did I dote on vulgar Perfection, the Lustre of an Eye, or the Rose of a Cheek; with reason might I blush before you, most learned Inquisitors into Nature! most reverend Pliny, Ælian, and Aldrovandus! Yet sure you

cannot disapprove of this, which is no wanton Passion, but excited by so unparalleled a Production; a flame that may not only justify itself to the severity of a Philosopher, but even to the avarice of a Parent; since she who causes it carries a most plentiful Fortune, in the sole exhibition of her person. Heavens! how I wonder at the stupidity of Mankind, who can affix the opprobrious name of Monstrosity to what is only Variety of Beauty, and a profusion of generous Nature! If there are charms in one face, one mouth, one body; if there are charms in two eyes, two breasts, two arms; are they not all redoubled in the object of my Passion? What though she be the common gaze of the multitude, and is followed about by the stupid and ignorant; does she not herein resemble the greatest Princes and the greatest Beauties? only with this difference, that her Admirers are more numerous and more lasting."

Thus sighed he away the melancholy night; but no sooner had Aurora, with blushes in her cheeks (as conscious that she was just risen from the embraces of Tithon), advanced through the purple gates of the East, but Martin rose: he rose indeed; but Melancholy, the companion of his slumbers, rose and waked with him. This was the first day that he amused himself with the gaudy ornaments of the body; that with secret pleasure he contemplated his face, and the symmetry of his limbs, in a looking-glass. And now forsaking his solitary apartment, he walked directly to the habitation that confined the object of his desires. But as it is observed that the Curious never wander into the City to indulge

their thirst of knowledge till about the hours of eleven or twelve; the Morning has ever been the season of Repose for all those animals, who (trapanned by the frauds of Men) have been obliged to change their Woods and Wildernesses for Lodgings in Cities at the rate of four shillings a week. Therefore Martin, at this early hour, was neither saluted by the sound of the trumpet, nor were his eyes feasted as before with the pleasing picture of his Mistress, but he walked to and fro before the door with folded arms, from the hour of five to eleven, humming in a low and melancholy tune.

The Trumpet no sooner sounded, but his heart leapt for joy, and a second sixpence gained him a second admittance into her apartment. Yet this day also he only owned his passion in the language of his eyes: but, alas! this language is only understood by those that love, and Lindamira remained still ignorant of his Passion.

In the mean time it was no small cause of wonder to Mr. Randal, that this Gentleman should come every day to behold the same show. He, no less covetous than the Guardian of a rich Heiress, entertained a suspicion that Martin had a design of stealing the Ladies. He thereupon issued out strict orders, not to admit our Lower on any pretence whatsoever. What Torments must this occasion in the raging fever of Love! Martin had now recourse to stratagem, and by a bribe (which often even the ermine and scarlet robe cannot resist) gained the Dwarf who kept the gates of the Show-room to promote his amour. He promised to convey a letter to

Lindamira the same evening, if he would bring it him when darkness favoured his design, at the apartment next the Monsters. Martin overjoyed, hasted home; and after having consulted all the Authors that treat of Love, composed his Billet-doux, and at the time appointed went to intrust it to the hands of his Confidant. Softly he stole up stairs, approached the door, and gave a gentle rap; when on a sudden a small hand was thrust through a little hole at the bottom of the door, whence issued an unintelligible, squeaking voice. Martin concluding it to be the signal, delivered his Epistle, and made his retreat unobserved. He was no sooner retired, but Mr. Randal entered, and (as it was his usual custom before he went to bed) took a view if all were safe in the Show-room. At his coming in, he saw his Monkey exceedingly busy in picking the Seal-wax by little bits from a letter, which he turned over and over with infinite satisfaction. Mr. Randal, not thinking it a breach of honour to pry into the secrets of his own family, took the letter from him and read as follows:

"TO THE MOST AMIABLE LINDAMIRA.

"While others, O darling of Nature! look upon thee with the eyes of curiosity, I behold thee with those of Love. Since I have been struck with thy most astonishing charms, how have I called upon Nature to make a new head, new arms, and a new body, to sprout from this single trunk of mine, and to double every member, so as to render me a proper Mate for so lovely a pair! but think to how little

purpose it will be for thee to stay till Nature shall form another of thy kind! In such beauties she exhausts her whole art, and cannot afford to be prodigal. Ages must be numbered: nay perhaps some Comet may vitrify this globe on which we tread, before we behold a Castor and a Pollux resembling the beauteous Lindamira and Indamora. Nature forms her wonders for the Wise, and such a Masterpiece she could design for none but a Philosopher. Cease then to display those beauties to the profane vulgar, which were created to crown the desires of your passionate admirer,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS."

The Dwarf entered as he was reading the letter; and perceiving his Master moved with passion, immediately fell on his knees and confessed the whole affair. Mr. Randal, bent on revenge, caused him to hasten to Martin's house, with assurances that Lindamira had read his letter with infinite satisfaction, and conjured him that he would immediately favour her escape. Martin, overjoyed at the news, flew thither on the wings of Love.—The perfidious Dwarf conducted him up stairs in the dark, gently opened the door, and bade him enter. How happy was Martin in that instant, who thought of nothing but leaping into the four soft arms of his Mistress! when lo, on a sudden, he saw at the farther end of the room two glittering balls of fire, which rolled to and fro in a most terrible manner. Immediately his ears were invaded with horrid hissings and spittings, the balls of fire drew nearer him, and the noise redou-

bled as he approached. Our Philosopher, bold and resolute with love, ventured towards it; when all at once he perceived something grasp him hard by the throat, and fix as it were sharp lancets in his cheek, so that blood trickled amain down his chin. Thrice Martin essayed to free himself, but vain were all his endeavours: till at length, to save his life, he was forced to betray his Intrigue, and alarm the house with reiterated cries of murder. The apartment of the Bohemian Beauties being the adjoining room, they were the first that entered with a light to his assistance. Martin, all bloody as he was, a most fierce Cat-a-mountain hanging at his chin (which Mr. Randal had maliciously placed there on purpose) at the sight of Lindamira forgot his distress.—Ah, my Love! (he cried) how like is thy fate to that of Thisbe! who staying but a moment too late, found, as she thought, her miserable Lover torn in pieces by a savage beast! The affrighted Damsels shrieked aloud, Mr. Randal with all his retinue rushed into the room, and now every hand conspired to free his under jaw from the sharp teeth of the enraged Monster. But the Lady, whose heart melted at the piteous spectacle, was so zealous in this office of humanity, that the Cat-a-mountain, provoked at her good-natured diligence, leaped furiously on her, and wounded three of her hands and her two noses, to such a barbarous degree, that she was not fit to be shewn publicly for the space of three weeks. The generous Lover, more moved at this spectacle than at all the scratches he had himself received, charged the Monster again with the utmost intrepidity, and

rescued his mangled Mistress.—Then (having taken her by the hand, and given it a gentle grasp) he retreated with his eye fixed upon her; and just as he left the room (in a low and tender accent) thus breathed forth his soul: "Behold, all this have I suffered for you!"—Such, and so modest, was the first declaration of Love made on this eminent occasion by our youthful Philosopher. Nor was it ungently received by the simple and innocent Lindamira; who hitherto unused to the soft Protestations of adoring Slaves, had rather been wondered at than beloved; and received but imperfect notions of that tender language from the addresses only of the black Prince or the Dwarf.—Martin, notwithstanding this unfortunate adventure, still pursued his wishes. His Letters were now no more intercepted. Lindamira read them, and behaved like other courteous dames when they receive those amorous testimonials, concealed them from her Guardian, and returned the most engaging answers. In short she was so far captivated, as to resolve no longer to be gazed at like a public beauty in her own assembly, but retire from the world, and become the virtuous Mistress of a Family. But fate had so ordained, that Martin was not more enamoured on Lindamira than Indamora was on Martin. She, jealous that her Sister had the greatest share in this conquest, resented that an equal application had not been made to herself. She teased Lindamira to such a degree on this subject, as made her promise to see Martin no more. But then again might Indamora be deemed the unhappiest of Women, whom her Passion and Imprudence had

robbed of the sight of her Lover. Yet shame caused her to conceal those anxieties from her Sister. And let the Reader judge how unhappy the Nymph must be who was even deprived the universal Relief of a Soliloquy. However, thus she thought, without being allowed to tell it to any grove or purling stream:

"Wretched Indamora! if Lindamira must never more see Martin, Martin shall never again bless the eyes of Indamora: Yet why do I say wretched? since my Rival can never possess my Lover without me. The pangs that others feel in absence, from the thought of those joys that bless their rivals, can never sting thy bosom; nor can they mortify thee by making thee a witness, without giving thee at the same time a share of their endearments. Change then thy proceeding, Indamora; thy jealousy must act a new and unheard-of part, and promote the interest of thy rival as the only way to the enjoyment of thy Lover."

From that moment she studied by all methods to advance her Sister's amour, and in that her own; and thus there appeared in these three Lovers as extraordinary a Conjunction of Passions as of Persons: Love had reconciled himself to his mortal foes—to Philosophy in Martin, and to Jealousy in Indamora.

And now flourished the amour of Martin; Success even prevented his wishes; the Marriage was agreed on, and the day appointed. Sunday was the time when Mr. Randal's absence favoured their hopes, who never on that day omitted taking the fresh air in the fields: the key of the door he always took

with him. Crambe was ready laid at a convenient distance, who accommodated them with a ladder of ropes. The ladder was thrown up, and the Signal given at the Window. Landamira hastened to the alarm of Love, when behold a new Disaster! As she was getting out of the window, the weight of her body on one side, and that of Indamora's on the other, unluckily caused them to stick in the midway: Lindamira hung with her coats stript up to the navel without, and Indamora in no less immodest posture within. The Man-tiger, who for his gentleness was allowed to walk at large in the house, was so heightened at this sight, that he rushed upon Indamora like a barbarous Ravisher. Indamora cried aloud for help. Martin flew to revenge this insolent attempt of a Rape on his Wedding-day. The lustful Monster, driven from our double Lucrece, fled into the middle of the room, pursued by the valorous and indignant Martin. Three times the hot Man-tiger, frighted at the furious menaces of his Antagonist, made a circle round the Chamber, and three times the swift-footed Martin pursued him. He caught up the horn of an Unicorn, which lay ready for the entertainment of the curious Spectator, and brandishing it over his head in airy circles, hurled it against the hairy Son of Hanniman; who wrinkling his brown forehead, and gnashing his teeth in indignation, stooped low: the horny Lance just raised his left shoulder, and stuck into the tapestry hangings. Provoked at this, the grinning offspring of Hanniman caught up the pointed horn of an Antelope, and aimed a blow against his undismayed Ad-

versary. Our heroic Lover, who held his hat before him like a shield, received the weapon full on the crown; it pierced the beaver, and gave a small rent to his breeches. Then the human Champion flung with mighty violence the hinder foot of an Elk, which hit the bestial Combatant full on the neither jaw. He reeled; but soon recovering, and his skill in war lying rather in the close fight than in projected weapons, he endeavoured to close with him: Forthwith assailing him behind unawares, he clambered up his back, and plucked up by the roots a mighty grasp of hair; but Martin soon dismounted him, and kept him at a distance. Love not only inspired his breast with courage, but gave double strength to his sinews; he heaved up the hand of a prodigious Sea-monster: which, when the chattering Champion beheld, he, no less furious, wielded the ponderous thigh-bone of a Giant; and now they stood opposed to each other, like the dread Captain of the sevenfold shield and the redoubted Hector. The thigh-bone missed its aim; but the hand of the Sea-monster descended directly on the head of the Sylvan Ravisher. The Monster chattered humble; he stretched his quivering limbs on the floor; and eternal sleep locked fast his eyelids. The Lady from the window, like another Helen from the Trojan wall, was witness of the combat caused by her own beauty. She saw with what gracefulness her Hero entered the Lists, admired his activity and courage in the combat, and was a joyful witness of his triumph. She gave a spring from the window, and with open arms and legs embraced the neck and shoulders of her

Champion. Our Philosopher received her with his face turned modestly from her, and in that manner conveyed her into the street. He called a chair with all haste; but no chairman would take her, which obliged him to bear his extraordinary burden till he found a coach, in which he carried her off, and was happily united to her that very evening, by a Reverend Clergyman in the Fleet, in the holy bands of Matrimony.

But Nemesis, who delights in traversing the best-laid designs of Cupid, maliciously contrived the means to make these three Lovers unhappy. No sooner had the Master of the Show received notice of their flight, but he seized on the Bohemian Ladies by a Warrant; and not content with having recovered the possession of them, resolved to open all the Sluices of the Law upon Martin. So he instantly went to Counsel to advise upon all possible methods of revenge. The first point he proceeded on was the property of his Monster, and the question propounded was, "Whether Slaves could marry without the consent of their Master?" To this he was answered in the affirmative; but told at the same time, "That the Marriage did not exempt them from Servitude."

This put him in no small hopes of having Martin added to his Show, and acquiring a property in his bodily issue by the Ladies. But his joy was soon dashed, when he was informed, that since Martin was a Free Man, "the Children must follow the condition of the Father; or, that indeed—if they were to follow that of their Mother, the case would be the same, there being no slavery in England."

Then his Counsel judged it more advisable to plead for a Dissolution of the Marriage, upon the impossibility of Conjugal Dues in the Wife. But then the Canon Law allowed a Triennial Cohabitation, which entirely ruined this project also. Besides it was evident by the same Law, that "Monstrosity could not incapacitate from Marriage;" witness the Case of Hermaphrodites, who are allowed "*Facultatem Conjugii*, provided that they make Election before the Parish Priest, in what Sex they will act, and take an Oath never to perform in the other capacity."

It was next consulted whether Martin should not be permitted to take away his Wife? Since upon his so doing "he might be sued for a Rape upon the body of her Sister, there being plainly the four conditions of a Rape. But then again, they considered that Martin might answer he claimed nothing but his own; and if another person had fixed herself to his Wife, he must not for that cause be debarred the use of his Property.

Yet still, upon the same head of Martin's possessing his Spouse, a suit might be devised in the name of Lindamira; on this account, "that a Wife was not obliged to live with a Concubine, and such her Sister Indamora must be accounted to Martin from the common proofs." To this too it was replied, that the Law ordered the Wife to reside with the Husband, if there were sufficient security given to expel the Concubine. So Martin might say he was ready to accomplish his part of the Covenant, if his Wife would perform hers, and consent to the Incision.

But this being an impossibility on the side of the Wife, it could no way be exacted from the Husband. At length Mr. Randal, being vexed to the heart, to have been so long and so quaintly disappointed, determined to commence a suit against Martin for Bigamy and Incest. Meanwhile he left no artifice or address untried to perplex the unhappy Philosopher: he even contrived with infinite cunning to alienate Indamora's affections from him, and debauched her into an Intrigue with a creature of his own, the black Prince; whom he secretly caused to marry her while her Sister was asleep.

Hereupon Martin was reduced to turn Plaintiff, and commenced a suit in the Spiritual Court against the black Prince for Cohabitation with his said Wife. He was advised to insist upon a new point, *viz.* "That Lindamira and Indamora together made up but one lawful Wife."—The Monster-master, farther to distress Martin, forced Lindamira to petition for Aliment, *lite pendente;* which was no sooner allowed by the Court, but he obliged her to allege, that "it was not sufficient to maintain both herself and her Sister; and if her Sister perished, she could not live with the dead body about her."

Martin now began to repent that he had not executed a resolution he formerly conceived of marrying Crambe to Indamora as an expedient to have made all secure. Moreover, it was insisted on, that the other also had a right to Aliment; "because if Martin's wife should prove with Child, the said Sister must necessarily perform the Offices of a Wife, in contributing to the Nutrition and Gestation of the

said Child." A Jury of Physicians being empannelled, declared, that as to Nutrition they were doubtful whether any blood of Lindamira circulated through Indamora: But as to Gestation, it was evidently true: And upon this Martin was ordered to allow Aliment to both, the black Prince appearing insolvent. Then the Court proceeded to the Trial; and as both the Cause and the Pleadings are of an extraordinary nature, we think fit here to insert them at length. Dr. Penny-feather thus pleaded for Martinus Scriblerus the Plaintiff:

Dr. Penny-feather—"I appear before your Honour in behalf of Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor of Physic, in a complaint against Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, commonly called the Black Prince of Monopotapa; inasmuch as the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath maliciously, forcibly, and unlawfully seized, ravished, and detained Lindamira-Indamora, the Wife of the said Martin, and the body of the said Lindamira-Indamora, from time to time ever since, hath wickedly, lewdly, and indecently used, handled, and evil-entreated. And in order to make this his Villany more lasting, hath presumed to marry this our Wife, pretending to give his wickedness the Sanction of a Law. And forasmuch as the Adulterer doth not deny the fact, but insists upon his said marriage as lawful, we cannot open the case more plainly to your Honour, than by answering his reasons, which indeed to mention is to confute.

"He maintains no less an absurdity than this, that One is Two; and that Lindamira-Indamora, the Individual Wife of the Plaintiff, is not one, but

two Persons; and that the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw is not married to Lindamira, the Wife of the said Martin, but to his own lawful Wife Indamora, another individual Person distinct from the said Lindamira, though joined to her by a strong Ligament of Nature. In answer whereunto we shall prove three things: "First, that the said Lindamira-Indamora, now our lawful Wife, makes but one individual Person. Secondly, that if they made two individual Persons, yet they constitute but one Wife. Thirdly, that supposing they made two individual Persons, and two Wives, each lawfully married to her own Husband; yet Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath no right to detain Lindamira, our lawfully wedded Wife, on pretence of being married to Indamora." As to the first point, it will be necessary to determine the constituent Principle and Essence of Individuality, which, in respect of Mankind, we take to be one simple identical Soul, in one simple identical body. The Individuality, Sameness, or Identity of the Body, is not determined (as some vainly imagine) by one head, and a certain number of arms, legs, and other members; but in one simple, single αἰδοῖον, or Member of Generation.

"Let us search Profane History, and we shall find Geryon with three heads, and Briareus with one hundred hands. Let us search Sacred History, and we meet with one of the sons of the Giants with six fingers to each hand, and six toes to each foot; yet none never accounted Geryon or Briareus more than one Person: and give us leave to say, the Wife of the said Geryon would have had a good action

against any Woman who should have espoused themselves to the two other heads of that Monarch. The reason is plain; because each of these having but one simple *αἰδοῖον*, or one Member of Generation, could be looked upon but as one single Person.

" In conformity to this, when we behold this one member, we distinguish the Sex, and pronounce it a Man or a Woman; or, as the Latins express it, *Unus Vir*, *una Mulier*, *un Homme*, *une Femme*, one Man, one Woman. For the same reason Man and Wife are said to be one flesh, because united in that part which constitutes the Sameness and Individuality of each Sex.

" And as where there is but one Member of Generation, there is but one Body, so there can be but one Soul; because the said Organ of Generation is the Seat of the Soul; and consequently where there is but one such Organ, there can be but one Soul. Let me here say, without injury to truth, that no Philosopher, either of the past or present age, hath taken more pains to discover where the Soul keeps her residence, than the Plaintiff, the learned Martinus Scriblerus; and after his most diligent inquiries and experiments, he hath been verily persuaded, that the Organ of Generation is the true and only Seat of the Soul. That this part is seated in the middle, and near the centre of the whole Body, is obvious to your Honour's view. From thence, like the sun in the centre of the world, the Soul dispenses her warmth and vital influence. Let the brain glory in the Wisdom of the aged, the Science of the learned, the Policy of the statesman,

and the Invention of the witty; the accidental amusements and Emanations of the Soul, and mortal as the Possessors of them! It is to the Organs of Generation that we owe Man himself; there the Soul is employed in works suitable to the dignity of her nature, and (as we may say) sits brooding over ages yet unborn.

"We need not tell your Honour, that it has been the opinion of many most learned Divines and Philosophers, that the Soul, as well as the Body, is produced *Ex Traduce*. This doctrine has been defended by arguments irrefragable, and accounts for difficulties, without it, inexplicable. All which arguments conclude with equal strength, for the Soul's being seated in the Organs of Generation. For since the whole Man, both Soul and Body, is there formed, and since nothing can operate but where it is, it follows that the Soul must reside in that individual place, where she exerts her generative and plastic powers.

"This our doctrine is confirmed by all those experiments, which conspire to prove the absolute dominion which that part hath over the whole body. We see how many Women, who are deaf to the persuasions of the Eloquent, the insinuations of the Crafty, and the threats of the Imperious, are easily governed by some poor Logger-head, unfurnished with the least art, but that of making immediate application to this Seat of the Soul. The impressions made by the Ear are so distant, and transmitted through so many windings, that they lose their energy; but your Honour, by immediately applying to the Organ

of Generation, acts like a bold and wise petitioner, who goes straight to the very Throne and Judgment-seat of the Monarch.

"And whereas it is objected that here are two Wills, and therefore two different Persons: we answer, if Multiplicity of Wills implied Multiplicity of Persons, there are few Husbands but what are guilty of Polygamy, there being in the same Woman great and notorious diversity of Wills; a point which we shall not need to insist upon before any married person, much less of your Honour's experience.

"Thus have we made good our first and principal point, That if the Wife of the Plaintiff, Lindamira-Indamora, hath but one Organ of Generation, she is but one individual Person, in the truest and most proper sense of Individuality; and that the matter of fact is so, we are willing to put upon a fair trial by a Jury of Matrons, whom your Honour shall think fit to nominate and appoint to inspect the body of the said Lindamira-Indamora.

"Secondly, we are to prove, that though Lindamira-Indamora were two individual Persons, consisting each of a Soul and Body; yet if they have but one Organ of Generation, they can constitute but one Wife. For from whence can the unity of any thing be denominated, but from that which constitutes the Essence or principal Use of it? Thus, if a Knife or Hatchet have but one blade, though two handles, it will properly be denominated but one Knife or one Hatchet; inasmuch as it hath but one of that which constitutes the Essence or principal Use of a Knife or Hatchet. So if there were not only one, but twenty

Supposita Rationalia, with one common Organ of Generation, that one System would only make one Wife. Upon the whole, let not a few Heads, Legs, or Arms, extraordinary, bias your Honour's Judgment, and deprive the Plaintiff of his legal Property; in which right our Client is so strongly fortified, that allowing both the former Propositions to be false, and that there were two Persons, two Bodies, two rational Souls, yea and two Organs of Generation, yet would it still be plain, in the third place,

"That the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, can have no right to detain from the Plaintiff his lawfully wedded Wife, Lindamira. For, abstracting from the priority of the marriage of our Client, by which it would seem he acquired a Property in his Wife, and all other matter inseparably annexed unto her, it is evident Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, by his marriage to Indamora, could never acquire any property in Lindamira; nor can produce any cause why both of them should live with himself rather than with the other! Therefore we humbly hope your Honour will order the body of our said Wife to be restored to us, and due censure past on the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw."

Dr. Penny-feather having thus ended his Pleading, was thus answered by Dr. Leather-head:

"I will not trouble your Honour with any unnecessary Preamble or false Colours of Eloquence, which Truth hath no need of, and which would prove too thin a Veil for Falsehood before the penetrating eyes of your Honour. In answer therefore to what

our learned Brother Dr. Penny-feather hath asserted, we shall labour to demonstrate,

"First, That though there were but one Organ of Generation, yet are there two distinct Persons.

"Secondly, That although there were but one Organ of Generation, so far would it be from giving the Plaintiff any right to the Body of Indamora, the Wife of Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, that it will subject the Plaintiff to the penalty of Incest or of Bigamy.

"Thirdly, we doubt not to prove that the said Lindamira-Indamora hath two distinct parts of Generation.

"And first, we will show, that neither the individual Essence of Mankind, nor the Seat of the Soul, doth reside in the Organ of Generation, and this first from Reason: For unreasonable indeed must it be to make that the Seat of the rational Soul, which alone sets us on a level with beasts; or to conceive that the Essence of Unity and Individuality should consist in that which is the source of Discord and Division. In a word, what can be a greater absurdity than to affirm Beastiality to be the Essence of Humanity, Darkness the Centre of Light, and Filthiness the Seat of Purity?

"We could, from the authority of the most eminent Philosophers of all ages, confirm this our assertion; a few of whom ever had the impudence to degrade this Queen, the rational Soul, to the very lowest and vilest Apartment, or rather Sink, of her whole Palace. But we shall produce still a greater authority than these, to manifest that personal Individu-

ality did subsist, when there was no such generative Carnality.

"It hath been strenuously maintained by many holy Divines, (and particularly by Thomas Aquinas) that our first Parents, in the State of Innocence, did in no wise propagate their species after the present common manner of men and beasts; but that the propagation at that time must have been by Intuition, Coalition of Ideas, or some pure and spiritual manner, suitable to the dignity of their station; and though the Sexes were distinguished in that state, yet it is plain it was not by parts, such as we have at present; since, if our first Parents had any such, they must have known it; and it is written that they discovered them not till after the Fall; when it is probable those parts were the immediate Excrescence of Sin, and only grew forth to render them fitter companions for those Beasts among which they were driven.

"It is a maxim in Philosophy, that *Generatio unius est Corruptio alterius*; whence it is apparent that the Paradisaical Generation was of a different nature from ours, free from all corruption and imbecility. This is farther corroborated by the authority of those Doctors of the Church, who have asserted, that before the Fall, Adam was endowed with a continual uninterrupted Faculty of Generation; which can be explained of no other than of that Intuitive Generation aboyesaid: Since it is well known to all the least skilled in Anatomy, that the present (male) part of Generation is utterly incapable of this continual Faculty.

"We come now to our second point, wherein the Advocate for the Plaintiff asserteth, that if there were two Persons, and one Organ of Generation, this System would constitute but one Wife. This will put the Plaintiff still in a worse condition, and render him plainly guilty of Bigamy, Rape, or Incest: for, if there be but one such Organ of Generation, then both the Persons of Lindamira and Indamora have an equal property in it; and what is Indamora's property cannot be disposed of without her consent; we therefore bring the whole to this short issue, Whether the Plaintiff Martinus Scriblerus had the consent of Indamora or not? If he hath had her consent, he is guilty of Bigamy; if not, he is guilty of a Rape or Incest, or both. The Defendant, Prince Ebn-Haie Paw-Waw, having been lately baptized, hath with singular modesty abstained from Consummation with his said Wife, until he shall be satisfied with the opinion of your Honour, his learned Judge, how far in Law and Conscience he may proceed; and therefore he cannot affirm much, nor positively, as to the structure of the Organ of Generation of this his Wife Indamora; yet make we no doubt that it will, upon inspection, appear that the said Organ is distinct from that of Lindamira: Whereupon we crave to hear the Report of the Jury of Matrons, appointed to inspect the body of the said Gentlewoman.

"And if the matter of fact be thus, give me your Honour's permission to repeat what hath been said by the Advocate for the Plaintiff, to wit, that Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor in Physic, by this his marriage with Lindamira, could in nowise acquire any property

in the body of Indamora; nor shew any cause why this duplicated Wife, Lindamira-Indamora, should abide with him, rather than with the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, of Monomotapa."

The Jury of Matrons having made their Report, and it appearing from thence that the Parts of Generation in Lindamira and Indamora were distinct, the Judge took time to deliberate; and the next Court-day he spoke to this effect:

"Gentlemen,

"I am of opinion that Lindamira and Indamora are distinct Persons, and that both the Marriages are good and valid; Therefore I order you, Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor in Physic, and you, Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, Prince of Monomotapa, to cohabit with your Wives, and to lie in bed each on the side of his own Wife. I hope, Gentlemen, you will seriously consider that you are under a stricter tie than common Brothers-in-law; that being, as it were, Joint Proprietors of one common Tenement, you will so behave as good Fellow-lodgers ought to do, and with great modesty each to his respective Sister-in-law, abstaining from all farther Familiarities than what Conjugal Duties do naturally oblige you to. Consider also by how small limits the Duty and the Trespass is divided; lest, while ye discharge the duty of Matrimony, ye heedlessly slide into the Sin of Adultery."

This Sentence pleased neither Party; and Martin appealed from the Consistory to the Court of Arches; but they confirmed the Sentence of the Consistory,

It was at last brought before a Commission of Delegates; who, having weighed the case, reversed the Sentence of the inferior Courts, and disannulled the Marriage, upon the following Reasons: "That allowing the manner of Cohabitation enjoined to be practicable (though highly inconvenient), yet the *Jus petendi* and *reddendi Debitum conjugale* being at all times equal in both Husbands and both Wives and at the same time impossible in more than one, two Persons could not have a Right to the entire possession of the same thing at the same time; nor could one so enjoy his property, as to debar another from the use of his, who has an equal right. So much as to the *Debitum petendi*, and as to the *Debitum reddendi*, *nemo tenetur ad impossibile*. Therefore the Lords, with great wisdom, dissolved both Marriages, as proceeding upon a natural as well as legal absurdity.

This affair being thus unhappily terminated, and become the whole talk of the Town, Martinus, unable to support the affliction, as well as to avoid the many disagreeable consequences, resolved to quit the Kingdom. But we must not here neglect to mention that during the whole course of this Process, his continual Attendance on the Courts in his own Cause, and his invincible Curiosity for all that past in the Causes of others, gave him a wonderful insight into this Branch of Learning, which must be confest to have been so improved by the Moderns, as beyond all comparison to exceed the Ancients. From the day his first Bill was filed, he began to collect Reports;

and before his Suit was ended, he had time abundantly sufficient to compile a very considerable volume. His anger at his ill success caused him to destroy the greatest part of these Reports, and only to preserve such as discovered most of the Chicanery and Futility of the practice. These we have some hopes to recover, if they were only mislaid at his Removal; if not, the world will be enough instructed to lament the loss, by the only one now public, *viz.* the Case of Stradling and Stiles, in an action concerning certain black and white Horses. We cannot wonder that he contracted a violent aversion to the Law, as is evident from a whole Chapter of his Travels; and perhaps his Disappointment gave him also a Disinclination to the fair Sex, for whom, on some occasions, he does not express all the respect and admiration possible. This doubtless must be the reason, that in no part of his Travels we find him beloved by any strange Princess; nor have we the least account that he ever relapsed into this passion, except what is mentioned in the Introduction of the Spanish Lady's Phenomenon.

CHAP. XIV[1].

OF THE SECESSION OF MARTINUS, AND SOME HINT OF HIS TRAVELS.

It was in the year 1699, that Martin set out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first Voyage he was carried by a prosperous Storm, to a Discovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmæan* Empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwrecked on the Land of the *Giants*, now the most human people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he discovered a whole Kingdom of *Philosophers*, who govern by the *Mathematics*; with whose admirable Schemes and Projects he returned to benefit his own dear Country; but

[1] It is very acutely and justly observed by Mr. Cambridge, in the Preface to his Scribleriad, that it was surprising Mr. Pope should make his Scriblerus so complicated a character as he represents him towards the end of his Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, such is his lust of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the Travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence, than that Swift had once designed to write the Travels of Scriblerus. What reasons induced him to change this work of humour, to a particular gratification of his spleen, it is not to the present purpose to make known; but this is certain, that when he made so total an alteration in his design, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver. This hath been observed in a remark on a former Chapter.

had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Ministers of *Queen Anne*, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he discovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almost to a Disgust of his Species; but above all, a mortal Detestation to the whole flagitious Race of *Ministers*, and a final Resolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to subject the Lands he discovered to the *Crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by these hints, the Reader can help himself to a farther discovery of the Nature and Contents of these Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall see such very extraordinary Voyages, into such very extraordinary Nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a Philosopher, a Politician, and a Legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain* of a *Merchantman*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall farther observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial *Love* of *Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard* to *Truth*, that *Passion* for his *dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess Queen *Anne;* surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those visible Signs and Characters, he cannot distinguish or acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus*.

CHAP. XV.

OF THE DISCOVERIES AND WORKS OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS, MADE AND TO BE MADE, WRITTEN AND TO BE WRITTEN, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

HERE therefore, at this great Period, we end our first Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward to that boundless Field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou mayest owe, to this excellent Person, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called, *The Philosopher of ultimate Causes*, since by a Sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discovered Effects in their very Cause; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Observations, hath been the Inventor of most of the modern Systems and Hypotheses.

*He hath enriched Mathematics with many precise and geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He

* How justly soever the knowledge of Mathematics is said to contribute to make men sound reasoners; yet it may be observed, that neither Hobbes, nor Bayle, nor Locke, nor Hume, nor Chillingworth, nor Hooker, nor Butler, some of the closest and most acute reasoners that ever wrote, knew much of the Mathematics.

first discovered the *Cause* of *Gravity*, and the intestine *Motion* of *Fluids*.

To him we owe all the observations of the *Parallax* of the *Pole-star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was that first taught the right use sometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and sometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in resolving the grand Phenomena of Nature.

He it was that first found out the *Palpability* of *Colours;* and by the Delicacy of his Touch, could distinguish the Different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles;* the Method of discovering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Vessels*, and of increasing the *Trade-Wind* by vast Plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his Philosophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A complete Digest of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Universe, according to the Epicurean Hypothesis.

3. An Investigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Universe, with the proportion of the specific Gravity of solid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical Observations on the Figure and Bulk of the constituent Parts of all fluids. A Cal-

culation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the Earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will last before it be burned out.

6. A Method to apply the Force arising from the immense Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purposes.

7. An Answer to the question of a curious Gentleman: How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our Earth? To which is subjoined a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, considering that they pass a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonstration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over those of the Moon, if ever an intercourse should be opened between them. With a proposal of a *Partition Party*, among the earthly Potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingesta* and *Egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the universal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to

this end, of which *Two* alone will be sufficient to shew the amazing Grandeur of his Genius[3]. The first was a Proposal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the first crust or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixed Stars;* but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The second was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immense Light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude as easy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial Parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Physic*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a Patient's bed-side. He taught the Way to many modern Physicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menstruum to dissolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge-water*. His was also the

[3] Many idle projects of Maupertuis deserve the same ridicule; and this passage, though written many years before those of the Philosopher of Berlin, may pass for an able Satire on them, and exactly hit their absurdities; which Voltaire has effectually exposed with infinite wit and ridicule, and for which Maupertuis took ample revenge, by occasioning the rupture betwixt this Poet and the King of Prussia.

device to relieve Consumptive or Asthmatic persons, by bringing fresh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable Intromission of such Steams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Physiognomy*[4], his penetration is such, that from the *Picture* only of any person, he can write his *Life;* and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Music, Poetry, etc. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Likeness* of their Portraits by the use of such *Colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Music*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

[4] This ridicule would have been heightened if Lavater's celebrated Book and Portraits had been published. A fine subject for Satire! What follows of Architecture, of Music, and of Poetry, is a little flat, general, and unappropriated.

In *Poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politics*, his Writings are of a peculiar Cast, for the most part Ironical, and the Drift of them often so delicate and refined as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far, as to write a Persuasive to people to eat their own Children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part[5]. He has often written against Liberty in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sidney*, in vindication of the Measures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praise of *Corruption* under those of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a Bog-house near *St. James's*. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fished up with a hook and line, by the Ministerial Writers, which make at present the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to Mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other, in which Ostentation had no part. With what incredible Modesty he concealed himself is known to numbers of those to whom he addressed sometimes Epistles, sometimes Hints, sometimes

[5] Swift's ironical tract on that subject.

whole Treatises, Advices to Friends, Projects to First Ministers, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true Author, in the course of these Memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those who will appear too much concerned as *Plagiaries* to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the Public to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent Passion at the appearance of this Work, as Persons most certainly involved in the Guilt.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR, OF THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXVII.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAP. I.

It hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprise, that whereas numberless Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and digested the Art of ancient Poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited, as

Martinus] The learned Mr. Upton has made an ingenious remark on the title of this piece: "It is pleasant enough to consider how the change of a single letter has often led learned Commentators into mistakes; and a Π, being accidentally altered into a B, in a Greek Rhetorician, gave occasion to one of the best pieces of satire that ever was written in the English language, viz. ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ; a treatise concerning the Art of Sinking in Poetry. The blunder I mean is in the second section of Longinus: ΕΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΥΨΟΥΣ ΤΙΣ Η ΒΑΘΟΥΣ ΤΕΧΝΗ, instead of ΠΑΘΟΥΣ; a most ridiculous blunder, which has occasioned as ridiculous criticisms." Observations on Shakspeare, p. 256.

M. De Larchet, the translator of Herodotus, gave a French translation also of this Life of Scriblerus. It is easy to imagine that the humour has evaporated in a French translation.

The blunder relating to the word *πάθους*, reminds one of a most egregious mistake of Rapin the critic, whose knowledge of Greek has been much questioned. Relating a story of Euphranor the painter, he says, "Apion has related it." Having read the story in Eustathius; who says, *ἀπιὼν ἔγραψεν*; which meant, that Euphranor hearing a description of Jupiter read in Homer, "went away and painted it."

to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is universally known, that our every-way industrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said Ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their Ὕψος, or Sublime; no tract has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our Βάθος, or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make use of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering with no small grief, how many promising Geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poesy!

When I consider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our Lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprise: The one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular System of Laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are

become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these Mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we now have an unquestionable Majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level these Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered Rules of our Art into regular Institutes, from the example and practice of the deep Geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors the Master of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great Critics; since their Laws (though they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their Precepts (however strict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident

that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this Treatise.

For we shall see in the course of this work, that our greatest Adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally necessary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cœlo* from us.

CHAP. II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR, OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE Taste of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom

or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to relish the Sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced Minds of Children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general Taste is returning to this first Simplicity and Innocence; and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the *greatest number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we shall find those who have a taste of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish Gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and 'tis still more chimerical to write for Posterity, of whose Taste we cannot make any Judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wiser authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt et delectare Poetæ.

Their true design is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: From whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the *present* Taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Relish in Poetry, but are in this one Taste less nice than our Ancestors. If an Art is to

be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good Poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Geniuses of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not suddenly stop a Cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some Poetical Evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health: so true is the saying,

Nascimur Poetæ. Therefore is the desire of Writing properly termed *Pruritus*, the "Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain," and the Person is said to conceive; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable), for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst Poetry is of dangerous consequence to the State. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and against the Ministry: Nay, I know not but many times a piece of Poetry may be the most innocent composition of a Minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the single authority of that [8]Horace? Why should the golden Mean, the quintessence of all Virtues, be deemed so offensive in this Art? or Coolness of Mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a Man, and so detestable in a Poet?

[8] *Mediocribus esse poetis*
Non dii, non homines, etc. Hor. P.

However, far be it from me to compare these Writers, with those great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de pesanteur*, or (as an English Author calls it) an "Alacrity of Sinking;" and who by strength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Necessity of Rules to these lesser Geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

We now come to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making Dikes, as in raising Mounts? Is there not an art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his sight, and furnishing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the Authors of Antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in

the Bathos a Genius is requisite: yet the Rules of Art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongst the lowest of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in Art to his assistance. It is with the Bathos as with small beer[9], which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our Rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treasures of the Deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer use of Man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a solution, why common Sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern Critics and Authors.

[9] We have the same simile repeated in the Dunciad.

CHAP. V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent Foe to Wit, and Destroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Sense*[1]. His business must be to contract the true *Gout de travers;* and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to consider himself as a Grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an intimation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong opposition of colours, and surprise by contrariety of images,

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since

[1] This is too strongly expressed. Directly and without palliation and disguise, to recommend absurdity is false writing, and unnatural to a great degree; so also is the beginning of Chapter the Tenth.

the great Art of Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surprising;* our author shall produce the Credible, by painting Nature in her lowest simplicity; and the Surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous;* he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine Gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern Plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality.*

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things.* How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequin and Magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight! Which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lustring, or a child's mantle.

[2] *The Skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,*
Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
And all around their starry mantle cast.

If he looks on a tempest, he shall have an image of a troubled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

[3] *The Ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,*
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Universe, present to his Imagination "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets.

[4] *Glorious Illuminations, made on high,*
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the best dwelling grac'd.

[2] Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. W.
Steele praises Prince Arthur in the Englishman.
[3] Prince Arthur, p. 14. W.
[4] Ibid. p. 50. W.
N. B. In order to do Justice to these great Poets, our Citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct Editions of their Works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition revised. P.

Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry show'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from the eternal battlements were flung.

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the Bathos should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:

[5] *Look down, bless'd saint, with pity then look down,*
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray.

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come to his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

[6] *Thus have I seen in Araby the bless'd,*
A Phœnix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest.

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following images:

[5] A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary. W.
[6] Anon.

FIRST HE IS A PAINTER.

[7] *Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,*
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight.

NOW HE IS A CHEMIST.

[8] *Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,*
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.

NOW HE IS A WRESTLER.

[9] *Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,*
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.

NOW A RECRUITING OFFICER.

[1] *For clouds, the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,*
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.

[7] Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172. W.

The gravity of the solemn pedant Scriblerus is not at all kept up in this piece. His criticisms are not any more in character than the Travels of Gulliver, erroneously asserted to be part of the plan intended to be pursued by Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift.

No man ever attempted so many epic poems as Blackmore; and few have written so many verses except perhaps Lopez de Vega, who is said to have produced in all 21,316 verses.

[8] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 263. [9] P. 75. W.

[1] Blackm. p. 170. W.

None of these images are more absurd than where Dryden says, in the 281st stanza of his Annus Mirabilis, that the Almighty

NOW A PEACEABLE GUARANTEE.

[2] *In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,*
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

THEN HE IS AN ATTORNEY.

[3] *Job, as a vile offender, God indites,*
And terrible decrees against me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

[4] *Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,*
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

THEN A FULLER.

[5] *——th' exhaling reeks that secret rise,*
Borne on rebounding sun-beams through the skies,

having looked down for some time on the fire of London, at last claps an extinguisher upon it:

"A hollow crystal pyramid he takes
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove."

But another passage in Dryden is carried to a still greater length of profaneness and absurdity in his Hind and Panther; who speaks thus of the Creator:

"The divine Blacksmith in th' abyss of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
He bless'd the bellows, and stirr'd up the coals;
Long time he thought, and could not a sudden,
Knead up with unskimm'd milk this reasoning pudding."

[2] Blackm. p. 70. [3] P. 61. W.
[4] Blackm. p. 181. [5] P. 18.

Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heav'nly fleece.

A MERCER, OR PACKER.

[6] *Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,*
And help the Bales of Ether to unfold;
Say, which cerulian pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

A BUTLER.

[7] *He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,*
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.

AND A BAKER.

[8] *God in the wilderness his table spread,*
And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread.

[6] Blackm. p. 174. [7] P. 131. W.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely asserts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse, exemplified in the Poem on Creation; but Ambrose Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, communicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; so that there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written.

[8] Blackm. Song of Moses, p. 218, W.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUSES IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the Bathos is an *Art;* and that the Genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring. And seldom are we without geniuses for *Still-life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

A universal Genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It

is affirmed by Quintilian[1], that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the Bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious Geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fishes*[2]: These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally

[1] In a fine passage of the tenth book: "Germanicum Augustum ab institutis studiis deflexit cura terrarum; parumque diis visum est esse eum maximum poetarum."

[2] This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers; which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.

skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Ostriches* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up; and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Young.

6. The *Porpoises* are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq. T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered Shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief *Characteristics* of the *Bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our island.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

We have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thoughts by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The Physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low[1], and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triticalness or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low Expression: It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the Thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

[2]*She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless dame!*
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.

What can be more easy and unaffected than the Diction of these verses? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and surprise us. And when the same lady goes into

[1] It would be unpardonable not to censure such images and expressions.

[2] Anon. W.

Mr. Spence informed me that this passage, and many other ridiculous ones, in this treatise, were quoted from our poet's own early pieces, particularly his epic poem, called Alcander. So sensible of its own errors and imperfections is a mind truly great.

When Voltaire first brought on the stage his Mariamne, 1722, in which Herod gave her a cup of poison, the Parterre cried out, "La Reine boit," and the play was damned.

the Bath, the Thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

[3] *Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,*
And thought herself just risen from the waves.

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frighted stag in full chase, who (saith the Poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,
And fears the hind feet will overtake the fore.

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itself,

[4] *None but Himself can be his Parallel.*

Unless it may seem borrowed from the Thought of that Master of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greatest Elephant in the world, except Himself.

However our next instance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful infant:

[3] Anon. W.

[4] Theobald, Double Falsehood. W.

It is a little remarkable that this line of Theobald, which is thought to be the masterpiece of absurdity, is evidently copied from a line of Seneca, in the Hercules Furens:

"—— Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi Ipse ——"

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy Mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his Mother's, and lastly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a circle of Critics,

Thus Phœbus through the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid Monsters rises into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention! The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals, much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: there were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters, he made so.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their choosing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are *obvious*, therefore not *astonishing* or peculiar. But those that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable *Prolixity;* presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For Choice and Distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently of the worst consequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, "He washed his feet in butter," (a circumstance some Poets would have softened, or passed over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great Genius:

[1] *With teats distended with their milky store,*
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.

[1] Blackm. Job. p. 133. W.

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have wash'd his feet in it.

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances:

[2] *In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,*
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some deeply red, *and others* faintly blue.

Could the most minute Dutch painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

[3] *His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoking plain,*
And knots *of* scarlet ribbon *deck his mane.*

Of certain Cudgel-players:

[4] *They brandish high in air their threatning staves,*
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *saves,*
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end.

Who would not think the Poet had past his whole life at Wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make, a Cudgel!

Periphrase[5] is another great aid to *Prolixity;* being a confused circumlocutory manner of expressing

[2] Pr. Arth. p. 89. [3] Anon. [4] Pr. Arth. p. 197. W.

[5] It is to be lamented that our author himself has furnished too many examples of improper Periphrase and Amplification in his

a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprise when he finds it.

The Poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

[6] *A waving sea of heads was round me spread,*
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.

translations of Homer. Of a Tripod set on the fire he says, (Odyssey, b. viii.)

" The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze."

Of a person wearied:

" ——Lost in lassitude be all the man:
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death."

Of shutting a door, (b. i.)

" The bolt obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valve.

Of a sword, (b. viii.)

" ——Whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds terror to the weaver's side."

These, and a number of other lines that might be added, are instances of the false-florid and over-labour'd ornament, directly contrary to the simplicity and energy of Homer. At the same time it ought to be observed that he was betrayed into this turgid, forced, and figurative language, by the difficulty of translating Homer into rhyme; for he never falls into this fault in his other works, which are remarkable for purity and brevity of style. " C'est une belle chose (says Corneille, with his amiable frankness in one of his prefaces), que de faire, vers, puissans & majestueux; cette pompe ravit d'ordinaire les esprits, & pour le moins les éblouit: mais il faut que les sujets en fassent naitre les occasions." Clitandre, p. 108.

[6] Job, p. 78.

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a *great crowd.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following!

[7] *Nature's Confectioner,*
Whose suckets are moist alchemy:
The still of his refining mould
Minting the garden into gold.

What is this but a Bee gathering honey!

[8] *Little Syren of the stage,*
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the most of a Thought; it is the spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the finest thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast Romance, and the substance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the size of a primmer.

In the book of Job are these words, "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring

[7] Cleveland. [8] A. Philips to Cuzzona. W.

to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated Amplifier of our age!

[9] *Canst thou set forth th' etherial* mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light supply?*
Is the celestial furnace *to thee known?*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treasures, from which I dealt out light as fast,
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civth Psalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

[1] *The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright*
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faster: After this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

[9] Job, p. 108. [1] Job, p. 267. W.

There are rather too many examples, however opposite they may be, taken from Blackmore alone. The Job of Sandys does not seem to be admired and known in a degree equal to its merits. Harte told me how highly Pope thought of it. The versification is equal to that of Waller. There is great force and energy in Young's Paraphrase on part of the book of Job.

CHAP. IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Word of John Taylor, and E—n of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write[2], let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; How would Sir Richard have said this? Do I express myself as simply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted[3]?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our Proficient should also read the works of those famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sublime:* yet is not this a Paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghil to draw gold, so may our author read Shakspeare, Milton, and Dry-

[2] An admirable Parody on the Fourteenth Section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes, have expressed themselves on this subject?"

[3] A writer not so totally contemptible. See his works, published by Mr. Nichols, with a defence of several of his pieces, 8vo. 1787.

den, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghil. A true Genius[4], when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious Circumstance or Periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those Figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of Etna in the third Æneid?

[4] Here again a barefaced absurdity is recommended without palliation, which is false and unnatural writing.

[5] These two words, after he had said "Attollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombast and supertragical, *οὐ τραγικὰ*, says Longinus, but *παρατράγῳδα*.

Perhaps we have not in our language a more striking example of true turgid expression, and genuine fustian and bombast, than in the following lines of Nat. Lee's Alexander the Great, who is introduced saying,

> "When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
> Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
> When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore
> And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
> When the Immortals on the billows rode,
> And I myself appear'd the leading God!"

Is it to be conceived that Dr. Warburton affirmed, in a long note on the First Epistle of Horace, b. ii. that "these six lines contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint?" I thought that a note which contained so outrageous a paradox, and so totally inconsistent with true taste and solid judgment, ought not to be retained in this edition.

Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit[5]*:*
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how is this taken down by our British Poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colic.*

[6] *Ætna and all the burning mountains, find*
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, *complain,*
As torn with inward gripes, *and tort'ring pain,*
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *spread the ground.*

Horace, in search of the Sublime, struck his head against the Stars[7]; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himself into Etna. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had also been there, from this description?

[5] Pr. Arthur, p. 75. W.

[7] *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.* W.

And so did the writer of the following lines, in a well-known Tragedy:

"Should the fierce North, upon his frozen wings,
Bear him aloft above the wondering clouds,
And seat him the Pleiads' golden chariot,
Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures."

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the Thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the Imperfections or Blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a Play professedly writ in the style of Shakspeare; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant[8].

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*[9], embroider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *umbrageous*, enterprise *emprise*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir*, through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakspeare.

It may be expected, that, like other Critics, I should next speak of the *Passions:* but as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquillity of Mind* (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness), we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this

[8] A line to his friend Rowe.

[9] He alluded particularly to Philips's Cyder, of which he often expressed a strong disapprobation, and particularly on account of these antiquated words. He often quoted the following line as not English:

"Administer their tepid genial airs." Cyder, b. ii.

discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiates* of Poesy, of the Cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods used by our authors in managing the Passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the use of *Wit* in expressing passion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *similes*, on such occasions: this we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent Transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that, to move Anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND RESERVING, FIGURES.

But we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the *Abuse of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful Cast of head which distinguishes all writers of this kind; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the Mould in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such Figures[1]; but we shall content ourselves to

[1] Another figure which greatly contributes to the Bathos might here be added, which Longinus, in his third section, calls the Parenthyrsus; a kind of violence and emotion, ill-timed and out of season, and disproportioned to the subject; into which good writers, nay Horace himself, is said to have fallen. When he says, that "even as the most superb and useful monuments of human skill and regal magnificence, the making new ports, the draining of marshes, the altering the course of rivers, the building moles, and other vast and expensive works, alter and decay; so do words and current expressions:

"Debemur morti nos nostraque—
——Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax."

range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Classes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reversing, Tropes and Figures.
II. The Magnifying; and
III. The Diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Master of this will say,

Mow the Beard,
Shave the Grass,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a caldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is

"The objects by which this decay of words is illustrated are too large and important for the occasion." Hor. Art of Poetry, l. 63. See Blondell's Comparison of Horace and Pindar.

THE METONYMY,

the inversion of Causes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, etc.

[2] *Lac'd in her Cosins*[3] *new appear'd the bride,*
A[4] *Bubble-boy and*[5] *Tompion at her side,*
And with an air divine her[6] *Colmar ply'd:*
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see!
Here a bright Red Redcoat, there a smart[7] *Toupee.*

THE SYNECHDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes Pretty-*face* and Pigs-*eyes*, and sometimes Snotty-*nose* and Draggle-*tail*. Or of Accidents for Persons; as a Lawyer is called Split-cause, a Tailor Prick-louse, etc. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a *Sword*-man, a *Gown*-man, a *T—m T—d*-man; a White-*Staff*, a Turn-*key*, etc.

THE APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as "What shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

[2] These five lines, and the two at the bottom of p. 226, are quoted from his own youthful poems; as indeed are most of those marked *Anonymous*. See also note [2] on p. 207.

[3] Stays. [4] Tweezer-case. [5] Watch. [6] Fan.

[7] A sort of Periwig. All words in use in this present Year 1727. P.

THE METAPHOR[8].

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

[9] *The* Lords above *are* angry *and* talk big.

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

[1] *Tho' he (as said) may Riches* gorge, *the Spoil*
Painful in massy Vomit *shall* recoil,
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own Ordure, *cast with scorn away.*

The Second, that, whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to *run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a State negotiation, follow it in this manner.

[2] *The stones and all the elements with thee*
Shall ratify *a strict* confederacy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a scaly embassy *for peace;*
His plighted faith *the Crocodile shall keep,*
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.

[8] It were to be wished that all the critical opinions of Dr. Johnson were as solid and judicious as are his admirable observations in the Life of Cowley, on mixed Metaphors, false Wit, and what (after Dryden) he calls "Metaphysical Poetry."

After a certain period, in every country and in every language, men grow weary of the natural, and search after the singular.

[9] Lee, Alex. [1] Blackm. Job, 91. 93. [2] Job, p. 22. W.

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

[3] Envoys *and* Agents, *who by my command*
Reside in Palestina's land,
To whom commissions *I have given,*
To manage there the interests *of heaven:*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name:
Ye pioneers *of heaven, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct, and broad;
For I in person *will my people* head;
Nor the divine deliverer
Will on his march *in majesty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confed'rate power.

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank,

1. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES[4],

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just *opposite* to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Blossoms*, and thereby

[3] Blackm. Isa. c. xl. W.

[4] In Concanen's Supplement to the Profund, letter the second, which is a counterpart to this tenth chapter, and treats of Figures, are some more shrewd remarks and more pertinent examples than might be expected from such a writer, and are enough to make us think he had some more able assistant. Concanen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton; and it has been suggested was assisted by him in writing these remarks; but of this there is no positive proof.

raises an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this sort is the following:

[5] *The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,*
Whose livid flashes sick'ning sunbeams drown.

What a noble Confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sunbeams, gaping, pouring, sick'ning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. THE JARGON.

[6] *Thy head shall rise, though buried in the dust,*
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust.

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

[7] *Upon the shore, as frequent as the sand,*
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.

Quære, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the *Jargon* such as the following.

[8] *Destruction's empire shall no longer last,*
And Desolation lie for ever waste.

[9] *Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,*
And seems converted to a stone in stone.

But for Variegation, nothing is more useful than

[5] Pr. Arthur, p. 37. [6] Job, p. 107. W.
[7] Pr. Arthur, p. 157. [8] Job, p. 89. [9] T. Cook, Poems. W.

3. THE PARANOMASIA, OR PUN[1],

where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split: as this of Mr. Dennis[2],

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted[3],

Behold the Virgin lie
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* Sky.

To which thou mayst add,

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.

4. THE ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW[4],

whereby Contraries and Oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these, on a lady who made her

[1] A happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun often quoted:

"And brought into this world, a world of woe."

Atterbury would point it thus:

"And brought into this world (a world of woe)"

in a parenthesis, and putting the repeated word in apposition to the former.

[2] Poems, 1793, p. 13. [3] Welsted, Poems, Acon and Lavin. W.

[4] It were to be wished our author himself had not been so very fond of this figure; of all others, if too often repeated, the most tiresome and disgusting. See what is said of this figure before in vol. iii. of this edition.

self appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her clothes.

[5] *While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape,*
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely *to scape.*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning:

[6] *Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.*

[7] *His eyes so bright*
Let in the object and let out the light.

[8] *The Gods look pale to see us look so red.*

The[9] *Fairies and their Queen*
In mantles blue come tripping o'er the green.

[9] *All nature felt a reverential shock,*
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.

CHAP. XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the same time: his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that darkness is an essential

[5] Waller. [6] Steele on Queen Mary. [7] Quarles.
[8] Lee, Alex. [9] Phil. Past. [1] Blackm. Job, p. 176. W.

quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief Figure of this sort is,

1. THE HYPERBOLE, OR IMPOSSIBLE[2].

For instance, of a Lion;

[3] *He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,*
His very shadow durst not follow him.

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the same.

[4] *Th' obscureness of her birth*
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

Of a Bull-baiting.

[5] *Up to the Stars the sprawling mastives fly,*
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.

Of a scene of Misery.

[6] *Behold a scene of misery and woe!*
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,

[2] Into which even the great Corneille has sometimes fallen, and that too even in his Cinna; much more when he copies the extravagancies of Guillam de Castro, in his Cid. The Spanish writers abound in these absurdities; and indeed there are many such in Rotrou and in Ronsard,

[3] Vet. Aut. [4] Theob. Double Falsehood.
[5] Blackm. [6] Anon. W.

Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe those hundred eyes.

And that modest request of two absent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two lovers happy.

II. The PERIPHRASIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

[7] *I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,*
Nor fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high.

III. The third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprise.

On the extent of the British Arms.

[8] *Under the Tropics is our language spoke,*
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.

On a Warrior.

[9] *And thou Dalhoussy, the great God of War,*
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

[7] Anon. [8] Waller. [9] Anon. W.

On the Valour of the English.

[1] *Nor* Art *nor* Nature *has the force*
To stop its steady course,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenæans *keep it out,*
Nor fortify'd Redoubt.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous. A surprise resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea.

[2] *His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,*
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with age, or* gray *with sudden fear.*

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

[3] *Now the resisted flames and fiery store,*
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted Ore.

[1] Denn. on Namur. [2] Blackm. Job, p. 197.
[3] Pr. Arthur, p. 157. W.

Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to *and* fro *huge* Heaps of Cinders shov'd.

2. THE VULGAR,

is also a Species of the *Diminishing:* by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

[4] *The mighty* Stuffa *threw a massy spear,*
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, sung *thro' the air.*

A Man raging with grief to a Mastiff Dog:

[5] *I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,*
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw.*

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity:

Distended *with the* Waters *in'em pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air, but* hang unrent.

3. THE INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest Master in this way: hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer.

[6] Little Charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of beauty's queen,*
Hither, British muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,

[4] Pr. Arthur. [5] Job, p. 41. W.
[6] Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona. W.

With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurseling *see.*
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.
When again the lambkins *play,*
Pretty Sportlings *full of May.*
Then the neck so white and round,
(Little Neck *with brilliants bound)*
And thy Gentleness *of mind,*
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind)* etc,
Happy *thrice, and* thrice agen,
Happiest *he of* happy *men,* etc.

and the rest of those excellent Lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat!

[7] *Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.*

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:

[8] *That ever she* could *die! Oh most* unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet *behind!*
And yet,—Why blame I her?——

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths;

[9] *Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,*
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,

[6] Philips's Pastorals. [7] Ibid. [8] Ibid. W.

In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.

4. THE INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances:

[9] *Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,*
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)

[1] *To the grave Senate she could counsel give,*
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)

[2] *He whom loud cannon could not terrify,*
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majesty.)

[3] *Happy, merry as a king,*
Sipping *dew, you* sip, *and sing.*

The Noise *returning with returning* Light,

What did it?

[4] *Dispers'd the* Silence, *and dispell'd the* Night,

You easily perceive the Nothingness of every second Verse.

[5] *The Glories of proud* London *to survey,*
The Sun himself shall rise—by break of day.

5. THE EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

[9] Philips's Pastorals. [1] Phil. on Q. Mary. [2] Ibid.
[3] T. Cook on a Grasshopper. [4] Anon. [5] Autor. Vet. W.

[6] *Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,*
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

Or in pretty drawling words like these,

[7] *All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,*
And his son's sons, till there shall be no more.

[8] *The rising sun our grief did see,*
The setting sun did see the same,
While wretched we remember thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name.

6. THE MACROLOGY AND PLEONASM

are generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

[9] *The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,*
The food of armies, and support of wars,

[6] I am afraid he glanced at Thomson.
[7] T. Cook, Poems. [8] Ibid. W.
[9] Even such pure writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have sometimes been guilty of Pleonasms; of which there are examples in the Miscell. Observations of Jortin, p. 37. vol. ii. Of this sort of style Quintilian, as usual, speaks elegantly: 'Ut corpora non robore sed valetudine inflantur; et, recto itinere lapsi, plerumque divertunt. Erit ergo obscurior, quo quisque deterior.' Again, 'Ut statura breves in digitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi minantur.—Ne oneretur tamen verbis multis; nam sit longa et impedita oratio, ut eam judices similem agmini totidem lixas habenti quot milites; in quo et numerus est duplex, nec duplum virium.' The six English lines here quoted are a severe stroke on Addison's Campaign.

Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
Lessen in numbers, and contract his host.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

Of all which the Perfection is

THE TAUTOLOGY.

[1] *Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main.*
In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.

[2] Divide—*and* part—*the* silver'd *World*—*in* two.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern Poems.

CHAP. XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

[9] Camp. W.

[1] Tons. Misc. 12.mo. vol. iv. p. 291, 4th Edit.

[2] Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121. W.

For example, sometimes use the wrong Number; *The Sword and Pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*[3]. Sometimes the wrong Case; *And who more fit to soothe the God*[4] *than thee?* instead of *thou:* And rather than say, *Thetis saw Achilles weep*, she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things: first, in the *Choice* of *low Words:* secondly, in the *sober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our Poets are naturally bless'd with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made *Prose* all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my last cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple.)

[5] *If not, a prize I will myself decree,*
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.

[6] *full of days was he;*
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see.

[7] *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more*
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.

[8] *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,*
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.

[3] Ti. Hom. Il. i. W.

[4] Our author himself has more than once fallen into this fault, as hath been observed in the notes of this edition, and of which Dr. Lowth in his Grammar mentions many instances.

[5] Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11. [6] Idem, p. 17. W.

[7] Idem. p. 19. [8] P. 34. W.

[9] *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,*
Though much more wise than I pretend to be.

Or these of the same hand [1].

[2] *I leave the arts of poetry and verse*
To them that practise them with more success:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at [3] *once, dear friend and muse, farewell.*

Sometimes a single *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship set on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

[4] *And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion* fry'd.

And in that description of a World in ruins:

[5] *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,*
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.

So also in these:

[6] *Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink,*
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

[7] *He from the clouds does the* sweet liquor squeeze,
That cheers the Forest and the Garden *trees.*

[9] Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 38.

[1] Asserting plainly that the first book of the Iliad, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison.

[2] Tons. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit. W.

[3] These are the two last feeble lines of Addison's epistle to Sacheverell; and the two preceding ones are as bad.

[4] Pr. Arthur, p. 151. [5] Tons. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119. W.

[6] Job, 263. [7] Id. Job, 264. W.

It is also useful to employ *Technical Terms*[8], which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his[9] *Linen* was *finely spun*, and *bleach'd on the happy plains*. [1]Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuirassiers;* and, if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

[2] *Fresh* Troops *of Pains, and* regimented *Woes.*

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have al-

[8] No passage in Blackmore himself can exceed the vulgarity of introducing technical terms, and sea language, more than the following lines of the 146, 147, and 148, stanzas of Dryden's Annus Mirabilis;

"So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum thro' each seam and rift.
Their left hand does the caulking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

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"With boiling pitch another near at hand
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops;
Which well laid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

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"Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marling blind,
Or sear-cloth mash with strong tarpauling coats,
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes."

Who would think it possible that these lines, and there are many such to be found in his works, could have been written by the author of Palamon and Arcite, and the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day!

[9] Prince Arthur, p. 10. [1] Ibid. p. 339. [2] Job, p. 86.

ready treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall mention only the principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire invention.

1. THE FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *lowest* of vegetables, are most *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following Posie:

[3] *The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,*
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchange their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses,
As if the willing branches strove[4]
To beautify and shade the grove,——

(which indeed most branches do). But this is still excelled by our Laureat:

[5] *Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,*
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.

[3] Behn's Poems, p. 2. W.

[4] It is surprising to find so false and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines, in a writer generally so chaste and correct as Addison.

"While here the vine on hills of ruins climbs.
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes." Campaign.

[5] Guardian, 12mo. 127.

The distant plantanes seem to press more high,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.

Hear also our Homer.

[6] *His* Robe *of* State *is form'd of light refin'd*
An endless Train *of lustre* spreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted Glory *made,*
With Pearl *celestial, and with Gems* inlaid:
Whence Floods *of joy, and* Seas *of Splendour flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.

2. THE PERT STYLE.

This does in a peculiar manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently studied: in Verse Mr. *Cibber's Prologues.*

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taste of the Times* the works of the *Ancients.* This we rightly phrase *Doing* them into English, and *Making* them English; two expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-house Politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or [7]Mr. Asgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snip-

[6] Blackm. Ps. civ. W.

[7] In such familiar phrases as these; "One good turn is the shoeing horn of another.—He does me good in spite of my teeth.

snap, and honest Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. THE ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

[8] *See* Phœbus *now, as once for* Phaeton,
Has mask'd his face, and put deep Mourning on;
Dark clouds his sable Chariot *do surround,*
And the dull Steeds stalk o'er *the* melancholy round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

[9] *While rich* Burgundian *wine, and bright* Champaign
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main.

(Whence we also learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

[1] *He sunk a vast capacious deep,*
Where he his liquid Regiments *does keep,*

—After a matter of eight years." And in Æsop, "The moon was in a heavy twitter." Collier's Antoninus was in the same smart taste: Thomas à Kempis was translated by Dr. Stanhope, whose primness is here noted. There is hardly any species of bad writing but what is exposed in some part or other of this little treatise, in which the justest rules are delivered under the mask of ridicule, fortius et melius, than in professed and serious critical discourses.

[8] Amb. Philips. [9] Pr. Arthur, p. 16.
[1] Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 261.

Thither the waves file off, *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the sea;*
Where they encamp, *and in their* station stand,
Intrench'd *in* Works *of* Rock, *and* Lines *of Sand.*

Of two Armies on the point of engaging.

[a] *Yon armies are the* Cards *which both must play;*
At least come off a Saver *if you may:*
Throw boldly *at the* Sum *the Gods have* set;
These on your side will at their fortunes bet.

All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best Fashions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late, by the practice of Persons of the *first Quality;* and by the encouragement of the *Ladies,* not unsuccessfully introduced even into the Drawing-room. Indeed its incredible Progress and Conquests may be compared to those of the great *Sesostris,* and are every where known by the *same Marks,* the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * * and * * * * *Hiatus magnus lacrymabilis* And *selling of Bargains,* and *double Entendre,* Κιββεϱισμὸς and Ὀλδφιελδισμὸς, all derived from the said sources.

[a] Lee, Sophon. W.

4. THE FINICAL STYLE[3],
which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a Brook dried by the Sun.

[4] Won *by the summer's* importuning *ray*,
Th' eloping *stream did from her channel stray*,
And with enticing *sun-beams* stole away.

Of an easy Death.

[5] *When watchful death shall on his harvest look*,
And see thee ripe with age, invite *the hook*;
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *Stalk, and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* Grave, *his* Granary.

Of Trees in a Storm.

[6] *Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy*,
The tempest sees *their strength*, and sighs, and passes by.

Of Water simmering over the Fire.

[7] *The sparkling flames raise water to a* Smile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and lessens all the while.*

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS[8], which

[3] In which Felton's Superficial Dissertation on the Classics is written, who is very fearful to be thought a Scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin.

[4] Blackm. Job, p. 26. W. [5] Ibid. p. 23.

[6] Denn. [7] Anon. Tons. Misc. Part vi. p. 224. W.

[8] This is the fault of two eminent writers, who at the same time abound in transcendent beauties, and whom for that reason it is less invidious to mention, Thomson and Johnson; and I fear even Milton has furnished an example:

"I hear the sound of words, their sense, the air
Dissolves, unjointed, e'er it reach my ear."

Samson Agonistes, v. 176.

noves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous Visibility: when both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That they may enter?——

See who is there.

[9] *Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,*
And tell me who comes yonder.——

Shut the Door.

[1] *The wooden guardian of our privacy*
Quick on its gentle axle turn.

Bring my Clothes.

Bring me what Nature, tailor to the Bear,
To Man *himself denied: She gave me Cold,*
But would not give me Clothes.——

[9] Temp. W.

[1] Aristophanes in the Frogs, v. 465, has a strange expression γεῦσαι τῆς θύρας, taste the door; knock gently at it.

Light the Fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean *theft,*
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas' *rude breath.*——

Snuff the Candle.

Yon luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the Letter.

[2] *Wax! render up thy trust.*——

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

[3] *Apply thine engine to the spungy door,*
Set Bacchus *from his glassy prison free,*
And strip white Ceres *of her nut-brown coat.*

CHAP. XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen), with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now established good and wholesome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order

[2] Theob. Double Falsehood. W.
[3] These verses are his own.

whereto, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with the other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufacturers ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in Clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular Trope or Figure. Aristotle saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of Quality; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by Travelling: Soldiers also and Seamen are very happy in the

same Figure. The [4] *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Ellipsis* or Speech of half words, of Ministers and Politic'ans; the *Aposiopesis* of Courtiers; the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whisperers, Backbiters; and the *Anadiplosis* of common Criers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society (as hath been proposed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories* to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegmatist* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient dispatch, at the public expense, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three

[4] All this paragraph down to the words in it, "House of Commons," is wonderfully acute and satirical, especially the mentioning the Bear-garden.

Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer shall again be subdivided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate* or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestioned Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society.

CHAP. XIV[5].

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES, AND OF THE COLOURS OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our Works as *Speed* and *Dispatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: for it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with those of Nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the Morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before Night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by

[5] It will be difficult to find more knowledge of life, more wit, more satire, more good sense, in any passage of equal length, than is comprised in this fourteenth chapter. Perhaps Dryden's Dedication of the State of Innocence to the Dutchess of York is a piece of the grossest and most abject adulation that ever disgraced true genius, except indeed the nauseous and fulsome Dedication of such a man as Corneille of his Horace to Cardinal Richelieu, after this proud churchman had treated him so injuriously in the affair of the Cid. If it be thought that I speak disrespectfully of such a great minister as Richelieu, I beg leave to say, that one such poet as Corneille is of more real value than a hundred Richelieus, in the eyes of those who regard merits more than stations.

the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depend that *Profit* which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we shall teach a *short Way to Epic Poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *Panegyric:* Every man is *honourable*, who is so by Law, Custom, or Title. The *Public* are better judges of what is honourable than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like those of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great Ministers, without either private or economical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Posts;* liberal and generous upon the *Public Money*, provident upon *Public Supplies*, just by paying *Public Interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Public Expenses*, and prudent by *Public Success*. They have by their Office, a right to a share of the *Public Stock* of Virtues; besides, they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own Ancestors. As to what are commonly called the *Colours Honourable* and *Dishonour-*

able, they are various in different Countries: in this they are *Blue, Green, Red*[6].

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the Public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The first and chief Rule is, the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a just Debt, may have his Injustice *transformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphosed into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowship; Corruption into Patriotism; and Lewdness into Tenderness and Facility.

The second is the *Rule of Contraries.* It is certain, the less a Man is endowed with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has?*

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour of the Government, hath forfeited his share in *public Praise* and

[6] A severe sarcasm on three orders of knighthood in this country. But why ridicule such orders? Is it not of public utility, and consequently providential, that there should be a sort of minds in the world capable of being actuated and put into motion by such objects, as wits and philosopers call Trifles?

Honour. Therefore the truly public spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real *poetical Justice* of this age. For a full collection of Topics and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet;* concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears* in the *Pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM[7].

An Epic Poem, the Critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have al-

[7] A severe animadversion is here intended on Bossu; who, after he has been so many years quoted, commended, and followed, by a long train of respectable disciples, must, I am afraid, alas! be at last deserted and given up as a visionary and fantastical critic; especially for imagining, among other vain and groundless conceits and refinements, that Homer and Virgil first fixed on some one moral truth or axiom, and then added a fable or story, with suitable names and characters, proper to illustrate the truth so fixed upon. Before Bossu, Mambrun had advanced the same doctrine, and treated it in a philosophical Aristotelian manner, in a laboured Dissertation, which he exemplified by a woful Latin Epic Poem, entitled Constantinus. He was one of those many critics who may remind us of the fate of Boccalini, when he was appointed by Paul V. governor of a small town, because he had written well on political subjects and on the art of government; but was obliged to be recalled after three months' administration for incapacity in the business. The lamentable Epic Poems that Boileau

ready laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off

has strung together, the Jonas, the David, the Moses, the Alaric, the Clovis, are exactly of the sort and size of Sir Richard's Job, Arthur, and Alfred; from whom our Scriblerus takes so many instances of the absurd. To these Voltaire has added a work that ought to be exempted from this catalogue, the St. Louis of the Jesuit Le Moine, who seems to have possessed a more vigorous and fertile fancy than any of his countrymen; who, whatever talents they may lay claim to, are not eminent for imagination and creative powers. His poem is in eighteen books, on the Recovery of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns from the Saracens; the subject therefore closely resembles that of Tasso, certainly one of the most interesting subjects that has ever been treated. He has, like Tasso also, introduced machinery of angels, demons, and magicians. The speech and behaviour of one of the latter, Mireme, in the fifth book, page 145, who calls up from Hell the shades of many departed tyrants, is conceived with wonderful wildness of fancy, heightened by the scene of this transaction, near the pyramids of Egypt; especially when the ghost of Saladin declares, with an awful and tremendous voice, that the Sultan must slay his daughter as an expiatory sacrifice. In short, this poem abounds in the terrible graces, and is in a tone and manner very superior to that generally used by the writers of France, and approaching to the sublimity of Dante or Milton: the noble fictions of whose Paradise Lost, the cautious and severe Boileau has, it is imagined, endeavoured to ridicule in the third canto of his Art of Poetry, v. 193.

> " Et quel objet enfin a presenter aux yeux,
> Que le diable toujours hurlant contre les cieux,
> Qui de votre heros veut rabaisser la glorie,
> Et souvent avec Dieu balance la victoire."

What Boileau says of the Epopee is the worst, and what Marmontel says, is the best part in their respective Arts of Poetry. It ought to be added, that although Le Moine frequently uses a turgid and hyperbolical style; yet that he has prefixed a discourse on Heroic Poetry, in which are many sensible and acute remarks. Le Moine is praised by Fontenelle, vol. 11 of his works. Voltaire very frankly owns, " Les Francais n'ont pas la tete Epique."

almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that the Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any Man can do it with *Money*, and if a professed Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Bellanis of Greece*), those parts of story which afford most scope for *long Descriptions:* put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry;* it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

TO MAKE AN EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

FOR THE MORAL AND ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the Fable afterward, at your leisure: be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS[8].

For those of the Hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at

[8] A stroke of ridicule on Bossu. Two very different opinions are held on this subject; and two very opposite interpretations are given of the χρηστὰ ἤθη of Aristotle, and *notandi mores* of Horace. Dacier, Bossu, Shaftesbury, Harris, maintain that the words mean, that the manners should be only poetically good; but Heinsius, Hare, Bateaux, Marmontel, and Twining, insist that they should be morally good. The succeeding paragraph about the use of machines cannot but remind one of the different opinions held on this subject by Petronius, by Bossu, by Hobbes, by Temple, by Hurd, by Voltaire, by Lord Kaimes, by Blair, and Boileau.

the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*[9], male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *Spirits* from Tasso. The use of these Machines is evident; since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

> *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice* Nodus
> *Inciderit*—

[9] In Dryden's long dedication to Lord Dorset of his translation of Juvenal, he gives an account of his design of writing an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince, and of the machinery he intended to have used on that occasion, which seems to have been happily and judiciously imagined, founded on an idea of a contest between the Guardian Angels of kingdoms. But Arthur was reserved for another fate, and furnishes the most absurd examples in the Bathos.

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of Rain, Lightning, and Thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit:* mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your Tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of Images and Descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish.* Season it well with *Similes,* and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town.* If such a Description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil), old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*[1], well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum.*

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors,* they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may *gather*

[1] An undeserved sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory.

them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*[2].

[2] The Discourse of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all nations, added to his Henriade, contains many false and rude opinions, particularly some objections to Paradise Lost. In the Geneva edition of this Poem we are informed of a curious anecdote: When it was printed at London in 1726, in quarto, by subscription, Mr. Dadiky, a Greek, and native of Smyrna, who at that time resided in London, saw by chance the first leaf as it was printing, where was the following line,

"Qui forca les Francois à devenir heureux;"

he immediately paid a visit to the Author, and said to him, "I am of the country of Homer; he did not begin his Poems by a stroke of Wit by an Enigma." The Author immediately corrected the line: but I beg leave to add, that he did not correct many others of the same modern kind. Voltaire has dropt a remark in the last edition of his Essay on Epic Poetry, which is not indeed very favourable to the taste of his countrymen; but is perfectly true and just, and which he seems to have forgotten in some of his late assertions:

"It must be owned that it is more difficult for a Frenchman to succeed in Epic Poetry than for any other person; but neither the constraint of rhyme, nor the dryness of our language, is the cause of this difficulty. Shall I venture to name the cause? It is because, of all polished nations, ours is the least poetic. The works in verse, which are most in vogue in France, are pieces for the theatre. These pieces must be written in a style that approaches to that of conversation. Despreaux has treated only didactic subjects, which requires implicity. It is well known that exactness and elegance constitute the chief merit of his verses, and those of Racine; and when Despreaux attempted a sublime ode, he was no longer Despreaux. These examples have accustomed the French to too uniform a march."

CHAP. XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE[3].

It may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and humble Thanks to the most August Mr. Barton Booth, the most Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most Undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors*, and to all *the Succession of our Successors*, that to this present day they continue to *Out-do* even their *own Out-doings:* and when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brushed

[3] The character of a Player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamellè, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France. But the whole chapter is, in other respects, replete with incomparable and original humour, particularly the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh articles of this project. I have not been able to discover that Booth, who was a man of excellent character, or Wilkes, ever gave any such particular offence to our author as to deserve the sarcasms here thrown upon them.

off all the works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of a *Contemporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet, if to so wise an Administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest Critics and Reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a Project signed with their names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. It is proposed, that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Music* be added to them as an *Orchestra;* and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted into Partnership.

2. That a spacious building be erected at the Public expense, capable of containing at least *ten thousand* Spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of Children and Nurses to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall have their Places frank.

3. If *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of Parliament above mentioned, seems not altogether

improper); it is left to the wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerset-House* may not be demolished, and a Theatre built upon that Site, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all Projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readiest manner convey those eminent Personages from Courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by Curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated Pieces, or by affection to see their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* above said be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *Critics* and *Poets;* out of whom *Six* of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the Laureat for the time being may be always one. The Head or President over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient *Poet* and *Critic* to be found in the whole Island.

5. The *Male Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the said Quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The *Actresses* are to make their beds, and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a *Library*, to consist of all the modern Dramatic Poems, and all the Criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round Table for the *Council of Six* to sit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* shall determine the Dispute; and if it should happen that *three* and *three* should be of each side, the President shall have a *casting Voice*, unless where the Contention may run so high as to require decision by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in some conspicuous situation in the Theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give *Signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of Dislike or Approbation. In consequence of these Signs the whole audience shall be required to *clap* or *hiss*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased.

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actresses making away with their Infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *Children of the Society;* and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the said Actresses shall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true

names and qualities of their several fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the public expense be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six:* a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *Poet;* and a greater still for the son of a *Critic.*

10. If it be discovered that any Actress is got with Child, during the interludes of any Play wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit Murder, except upon the Stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *Robbery* and *Theft.* In all other cases, particularly in those for *Debt,* it is proposed that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's,* may be held a *Place of Privilege.* And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paltry Creditors has been a Discouragement to Men of Letters, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said Poet or Critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest.*

11. The forementioned Scheme in its several regulations may be supported by Profits arising from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives, *a very little* will be deemed sufficient), the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said Persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner.

We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint*, *Diet-drinks*, *Spitting-pots*, and all other *Necessaries* of *Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the Articles may at first view seem liable to Objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any intrusted to the great Officers of State), this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six* Persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.

AN ESSAY

OF THE LEARNED

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

CONCERNING

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES.

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. ——— F. R. S.
FROM THE DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences, which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them amongst us attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means, since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyses; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is yet a secret. The highest period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in [4]Homer, Aristotle, and others, of their History, Wars, and Revolutions, and from the very *air* in which those authors speak of them as of *things known*, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements in the brave defence of their country, from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy; yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government, though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time; and such sudden periods have been put to them as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of

[4] Il. iii. Hom.

monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible than that once the Baleares was wasted by rabbits, [5]Smynthe by mice, and of late [6]Bermudas almost depopulated by rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

" He met," says Diodorus[7], " in Æthiopia, a sort of *little Satyrs*, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader, Pan, accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind." Now of this great personage Pan we have a very particular description in the ancient writers, who unanimously agree to represent him *shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast*, and walking *erect with a staff* (the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us); and since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principle of science must be received from that nation to which the gods were by Homer said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus, in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications,

[5] Eustat. in Hom. Iliad i. [6] Speed. in Bermudas.
[7] Diod. l. i. c. 18.

"Mankind is ignorant," saith Diodorus[8], "whence Silenus derived his birth through his great antiquity; but he had a *tail* on his *loins*, as *likewise had all his progeny* in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For whoever observes the *scene* and *manner* of their life, will easily find them to have imitated, with all exactness imaginable, the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the *thickest woods*, to go *naked*, to suffer their *bodies* to be overrun with *hair*, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. [9]Plutarch says, "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss." And [1]Herodotus tells us, "that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*."

Hence we see that the nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contended which was first blest with the rise of science, yet they have conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Ægypt is well known to

[8] Diod. l. iii. c. 69.
[9] Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.
[1] Herodot. l. i.

have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers, in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth from which they received their knowledge. Pass we now over into Greece; where we find Orpheus returning out of Ægypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made in their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece first heard the name of Satyrs, or owned them for *Semi dei;* and hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called King by [2]Theocritus. If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity: one is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers; but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we must insist upon, is the fabulous story of the Gods compressing women in woods, under bestial appearances; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been said, it is highly credible,

[2] Πὰν Ἄναξ. Theocr. Id. i.

that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances is that great mimic genius [3]Æsop, for whose extraction from those *Silvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Psanudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the origination of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage, insomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third proof is his acute and satirical wit: and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions. The next instance I shall produce is [4]Socrates. First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men: Secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: Thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This

[3] Vid. Æsop. initio. [4] Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms; in the second, it invaded their necks; in the third, it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed. Though we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so entire, but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifested in those who followed Alexander into India. How did they attend his army, and survey his order! How did they cast themselves into the same form, for march, or for combat! What an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed, who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of[5] *Fanus* a *fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable era, in which they began to be silent.

[5] Livy.

This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly, of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer, and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet Proteus.

Accordingly we read in[6] Sylla's time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons, who are related in the sixth bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware), they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden, called Ægle, which made him sing both merrily and instructively.

In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so

[6] Plutarch. in Vit. Syllæ.

many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, several hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embellished their morals: for which reason, I look upon this bucolic as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by his action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said, by St. Jerome, to have met St. [5] Anthony in a desert, who inquiring the way of him, he shewed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present able to gather, of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present, to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a

[5] Vit. St. Ant.

prince most learned and communicative, to whom, in Malabar, their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in [6] Moffæus's opinion, to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimaut the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt, if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to [7] Linschotten, the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head, without mentioning, with due respect, Oran Outang the great, the last of this line, whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of the Europeans: Oran Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher; Oran Otang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson [8] has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo Silvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons; with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of what-

[6] Moff. i. 1.

[7] Linschot. ch. 44. [8] Dr. Tyson's anatomy of a pigmy.

ever is remarkable in human life! and what surprising relations have Le Comte[9] and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them! If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a time of life, as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men, what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive *longæval* and *antediluvian man-tigers*, who first taught science to the world!

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain, correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them, and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate of their pride, and consider, that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts. That these, who were our elder brothers, by a day, in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undistinguished, and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But

[9] Father le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.

the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "That they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it not necessary to shew themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now, were it possible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no man in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to manage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated emotions; no nation, where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this country might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched divided condition, how can we hope, that

foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour state, would incline me to wish it were Holland. *Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico.* Is it from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height? May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? The man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning, to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale et fruere.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM

SPECIMEN.

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pæne mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satisliquet, syllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα nostra Libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI[1].

VER. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit

[1] It is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature; who drag forward

A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we now are enabled to read. "I am persuaded," says Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who lavished so much of their time upon the question, whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples." Dict. tom. v. p. 795. I have always been struck with the following words of a commentator, who was also a great philosopher, I mean Dr. Clarke; who thus finishes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer. "Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, si per se spectentur, momenti. Sed ex elementis constant, ex principiis oriuntur, omnia: Et ex judicii consuetudine in rebus minutis adhibita, pendet sæpissime in maximis vera atque accurata scientia." Real scholars will always speak with due regard of such names, as the Scaligers, Salmasiuses, Heinsiuses, Burmans, Reiskiuses, Marklandes, Gesners, Heyneses, Toups, Bentleys, and Hares. "Sans ce qu'on appelle les erudits," says Marmontel, very sensibly, "nous serions encore barbares. C'est grace aux lumieres qu'ils ont transmises, que leurs écrits ne sont plus de saison." Jortin used frequently to mention this attempt to discredit emendatory criticism, with strong marks of derision; and I have now before me, a letter from Toup to Mr. Thomas Warton, in the same strain.

Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi superûm—

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi superûm—

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. v. 193.—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*. et proculdubio sic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*. quia Epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput.
Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma Virûm.
Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm*, quæ, ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*
Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. simili modo Noster de Camilla, Æn. xi. *Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret*, etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*
Jam *fæces* et saxa volant, *fugiuntque ministri:*

uti solent, instanti periculo—*Fæces facibus* longe præstant; quid enim nisi fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum. Sic malim[2], longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*: Nugæ! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In quorum ipsum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo—
Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo—

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*.
Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones*.

[2] One would think this note was written to ridicule Warburton's, not Bentley's, mode of criticising: it is so exactly apposite to many of his interpretations.

[illegible] 31.

[illegible] succedite nostris.

[illegible] Lino. [illegible] magis oratione, et [illegible] mensam exprimebat. [illegible] confirmat appellatio [illegible] jure- [illegible] ensum nihi etiam Maro le- [illegible]

[illegible] succumbere [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] succumbere [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

LIBER SECUNDUS.

VER. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris museo legitur, *ore gemebant;* sed magis ingeniose quam vere. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai.

Diruerint Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum

—Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sidera somnos.
Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sidera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere

videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *breve ter* Trojæ *superûmque* audire *labores*.

Curæ noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores Exposcit: Ter* enim pro *sæpe* usurpatur. *Trojæ, superûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.——
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit*.

Resurgit multo proprius dolorem *renascentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant——*etc.*
Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracti et *repulsi*, Antithesis perpulcra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso Insonuere cavæ*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putet? Incredibile prorsus! quamobrem existimo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.[3]

[3] There is much pleasantry in supposing it should be the Trojan Mare, and not Horse; and in the reasons assigned for this new reading. The same may be said of altering *tectis* for *lectis*, v. 631. l. 1; and of altering *opes* for *oves*, v. 4. l. 3.

A

SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS[1].

STRADLING VERSUS STILES.

Le Report del Case argue en le commen Banke devant touts les Justices de mesme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Stiles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, **Pyed Horses**, post. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del Case. **SIR** John Swale, **of** Swale-Hall, **in** Swale Dale, **fast by the River** Swale, **Kt. made his Last Will and Testament: In which, among other Bequests, was this,** *viz.*—Out of the kind Love and Respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent., I do bequeath unto the said *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horses.* **The Testator had six black Horses, six white Horses, and six pied Horses.**

Le Point. **The Debate therefore was, whether or no the said** Matthew Stradling **should have the said pied Horses by Virtue of the said Bequest.**

Pour le Pl. Atkins **Apprentice pour le** Pl. **Moy semble que le** Pl. **recovera.**

[1] This humorous report was written by Mr. Fortescue.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the Nature of Horses, and also what is the Nature of Colours; and so the Argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the Substantial Part, or thing bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which, by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted, for the Use and Need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Commonweal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made in Favour of Horses.

1st Edw. VI. Makes the transporting of Horses out of the Kingdom, no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of £.40.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from Horse-stealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take Care of their very Breed: These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own Posterity, than by also taking care of that of their Horses.

And of so great Esteem are Horses in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his Spurs chopped off with a Cleaver, being, as Master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a Horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease reserving for Rent a Horse, they shall

have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a Horse to be severed: another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of a Horse.

But as the great Difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial Part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What Horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of black and white Horses, gray or pied Horses may well pass; for when two Extremes, or remotest Ends, of any thing are devised, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present Case is still stronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but also the very Letter of the words.

By the word Black, all the Horses that are Black are devised: By the word White, are devised those that are White; and by the same words, with the Conjunction copulative, And, between them, the Horses that are Black and White, that is to say, Pied, are devised also.

Whatever is Black and White is Pied, and whatever is Pied is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pied, and, *vice versa*, Pied is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horses are devised, Pied Horses shall pass by such Devise; but Black and White Horses are devised; *ergo*, the Pl. shall have the Pied Horses.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne **Serjeant, Moy semble al' contrary, The Plaintiff** shall not have the Pied Horses by Intendment; **for if by the Devise** of Black and White Horses, **not only Black and White Horses, but Horses of any Colour, between these two Extremes, may pass,** then not only Pied and Gray Horses, but also Red or Bay Horses would pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against Reason. **And this is another strong Argument in Law,** *Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum;* **for** Reason is the Life of the Law, **nay, the** Common Law is nothing but Reason; **which is to be understood of** artificial Perfection and Reason **gotten by long Study, and** not of Man's natural Reason; **for** *nemo nascitur Artifex,* and legal Reason *est summa ratio;* **and therefore if all the Reason that is dispersed into so many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make such a Law as the Law of** England; **because by many Successions of Ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; so that the old Rule may be verified in it,** *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore pied Horses **do not come within the Intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the Letter of the Words.**

A pied Horse **is not a** white Horse, **neither is** a pied a black Horse; **how then can** pied Horses **come under the Words of** black and white Horses?

Besides, where Custom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, in all Devises, Feoffments, and Grants, that certain Name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Descriptions shall be allowed; **for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Justice.**

Le reste del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le Court fait longement en doubt' de c'est Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fait donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.

Motion in Arrest of Judgment, that the pied Horses were Mares; and thereupon an Inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le Court advisare vult.

MEMOIRS OF P. P[1].

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might justly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to Himself:* but, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a Taste of the *true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.*

IN the Name of the Lord. *Amen.* I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this History.

[1] It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events, so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country; though these parties arise from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this Prelate's History of his own Time was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories as praised and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a Persecutor and a Benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood. Bevil Higgens, and Lord Lansdown, and others, wrote remarks on him; as did the great Lord Peterborough, whose animadversions, as his amanuensis, a Mr. Holloway, assured me, were very severe; they were never published. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by King William, and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution, his Narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed in these Memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple have taken oc-

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Parish-clerk; and to that end it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this Land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire *Bret*, did add one Bell to the ring of this Parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same day did give to this our Church, two rare gifts, its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that Black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I ex-

cation to censure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openness and frankness of nature, of much courtesy and benevolence, indefatigable in his studies, and in performing constantly the duties of his station. His character is finely drawn by the Marquis of Halifax; one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest and most painful duties of his calling; are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter." Few persons or prelates would have had the boldness and honesty to write such a remonstrance to Charles II. on his dissolute life and manners, as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may easily guess what the sycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate master, said and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter.

ercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, *The Lady and Death, The Children in the Wood,* and *Chevy Chase;* and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent Parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to Ringing: insomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of Bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a Hat that was edged with silver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, Tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me;

for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies: thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledged my crime to our Curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things, which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the Minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present Wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O Reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of

the Priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quiver for fear! And when I arrayed the shoulders of the Minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous Gentlewomen her daughters, nay the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young Master the Esquire, who shall one day be Lord of this Manor:" notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuses which had crept into the Church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober Dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munced at Church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did

make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our Great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water), and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring Clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the Minister in cleaner linen:

Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make, (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming Dogs; but to bleed ventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession, there passed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearsed: how that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the Priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his periwig. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Fran-

ces her Spaniel, which was wont to go astray: He was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And 3dly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the Parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned when he speaks as a Shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the Bulls of Basan, of Simon the* Tanner, etc. *and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the Apostles were instructed to travel* without shoes, *the precept did not extend to their successors.*

The next chapter relates how he discovered a Thief with a Bible and key, and experimented verses of the Psalms that had cured Agues.

I pass over many others which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of Curates; *a list of the* weekly Texts; *what* Psalms *he chose on proper occasions; and what Children were* born *and* buried: *the last of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of Bastards; neither will I name the Mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the

father, who hath made due composition with the Churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I transcribe.

Now was the long expected Time arrived, when the Psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; (so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in Psalmody:) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the Sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's Chapel. We had London Singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto Excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of Worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril, as a Sackbut? yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I entered the young men and maidens to tune their voices, as it were a psaltery; and the Church on the Sunday was filled with these new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Lawsuits *of the parson and his parishioners concerning tithes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the* history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose times these suits should be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each: For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2*s.* and 7¾*d.* For fifty families ruined by fire, 1*s.* 0d.½. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, etc.

In the next he laments the disuse of Wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefit arising from those at Funerals, concluding with these words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In Another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but after great encomiums concludes, that, notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of

the parish. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the use of Texts. Let a preacher (saith he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iiid and 11th affordeth good matter for Courtiers and court-serving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the first Minister to appoint a preacher before the House of Commons[2], would not he be wise to make choice of these words? *Give, and it shall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, *Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire,* Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, *and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.*

[2] This application of texts is equal in humour to what is said on the same subject in Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy; a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift. It was unfortunate for Dr. Sheridan that, with his usual absence of mind, he chose for his text, to a sermon on the accession of George I. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" little imagining any offence could be taken.

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel[7]. I had ever the interest of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the Societies of Fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our Parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly Assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown Alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves. Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late Exciseman; Thomas White, Wheelwright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd con-

[7] Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverel, in his Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole, says, "You had a Sermon to condemn, and a Parson to roast; for that I think was the decent language of the time; and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire, that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this Preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance, or the means employed to bring about the Revolution, than the Revolution itself."

ceit, for he never shoed a horse of a Whig or a Fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of Speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle, by the Mother's side, had, formerly, been servitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the Minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Ministers at the Visitation, and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at London, so that even the Bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a sudden from his own Life, to a History of all the public Transactions of Europe, compiled from the Newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small astonishment) that all the Measures of the four

last years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been usually attributed to the E— of O—, D— of O—, Lords H— and B—, and other great men; do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all to P. P.*

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the Country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Phillips, *who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all that he could learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for* swallowing Loaches, *and remembered by some people by a* black and white Cur with one Ear, *that constantly followed him.*

In the Churchyard, I read his Epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O Reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this Stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never spareth none.

OF THE

POET LAUREAT.

NOVEMBER 19, 1789.

THE time of the election of a Poet Laureat being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius[s]; and

[s] A much more entertaining account may be drawn from a discourse and research into the history of Poets-Laureat, of M. L'Abbé Resnel, the same who translated the Essay on Man, inserted in the 15th vol. of the Memoirs of the French Academy, p. 234. He observes, from a passage in Villani, that Dante seems to have been the first modern poet that received this honour, who, in 1325, was interred with great ceremony and pomp, and in the habit of a poet, in Habito di Poeta, which Habito he thinks was the laurel crown. The next he mentions is Albertino Mussato, a native of Padua, who, many years before Petrarch, for he died in exile 1329, wrote Latin Poetry with elegance, and produced an Heroic Poem on the Siege of Padua, many Eclogues and Elegies, and above all two Latin Tragedies, entitled Eccerenis & Achilles, in the style and manner of Seneca; the very first regular dramas that are to be found since the barbarous ages. Petrarch was the next Poet that received the laurel crown. His joy on the occasion, his journey from Vaucluse, and voyage to Naples, to visit Robert king of Naples, his reception by that learned Prince, who himself accompanied him to Virgil's tomb, his conversations with him on many subjects of literature, his

are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X. the great restorer of learning.

prevailing on the King to permit him to receive this honour at Rome, and not at Naples; all these circumstances are minutely related at the end of the first volume of that most entertaining work, the Memoirs of Petrarch, by Abbé Sade, and in the beginning of the second. The ceremony was performed in April 1341, in the Capitol of Rome, amidst a vast concourse of applauding spectators. See particularly pages 2 and 3. After the ceremony Petrarch recited a Sonnet on the Heroes of Rome, which is not to be found in his works. Philelphus came next, who had the laurel conferred on him, though he was more of an Orator and Grammarian than a Poet, by Alphonsus, king of Naples, 1453. Faustus Andrelini was the next, a favourite of Louis XII. and Francis I. to whose courts he went from Italy. Neither Trissino nor Ariosto desired nor received this honour; which, after all his misfortunes, the great Torquato Tasso was to obtain from the hands of Cardinal Aldobrandini, but died the evening before the day appointed for his coronation. Querno, the only Italian Poet here spoken of by Pope, and said falsely to be the first of the Laureats, was a low and impious Buffoon, and a scandal to the court of Leo the Xth. Though Pope Urban the VIIIth, himself an elegant Latin Poet, patronised and rewarded Chiabrera, a fine and spirited Lyric Poet, yet he gave him not the laurel, which Bernardini Perfetti was the last who received, 1725. Reshel proceeds to give a short, and indeed imperfect account of the Poets-Laureat of Germany, Spain, and England, though to none of them was the laurel given with those ceremonies before mentioned. Gibbon, the Historian, vol. vi. p. 569, writing in the year 1786, has assigned, in the form of a very elegant and well-turned compliment to his present Majesty, and to the then Poet Laureat, a reason why the Birth-day Odes might be laid aside. "The Laureats of our own country have ever been," as Falstaff says, "the occasion of wit in other men." But never of more wit than was thrown away on the last mentioned, Mr. Thomas Warton, who, of all men, felt the least, and least deserved to feel the force of Probationary Odes, written on his appointment to this office, and who always heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded the exquisite wit and humour that appeared in many of those original Satires. But I beg to add, that not one of these ingenious Laughers could have produced such pieces of true

As we now see an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its *honours* to *poesy;* the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureats, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia (whether a *shepherd* or *thresher*, is not material.) "This man (says Jovius), excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand of verses.* All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a *clown*, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top-full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be *Poet Laureat*[9]. He had a most hearty welcome in an *island* of the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond), where he was first made to *eat* and *drink plentifully*, and to *repeat his verses to every body.* Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of

poetry as the Crusade, The Grave of King Arthur, The Suicide, and Ode on the Approach of Summer, by this very Laureat.

[9] Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur. W.

vine leaves, *laurel* and *brassica* (a sort of cabbage), so composed, says my author, emblematically, *Ut tam sales quam lepide ejus temulentia, brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur.* He was then saluted by common consent with the title of *archi-poeta*, or *arch-poet*, in the style of those days, in our's, *Poet Laureat.* This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness[1]. Next the public acclamation was expressed in a *canticle*, which is transmitted to us, as follows:

Salve, brassicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tells us farther, "That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also *sung* them with *open mouth.* Nor was he only *once* introduced, or on *stated* days (like our Laureats), but made a *companion* to his *master*, and entertained as one of his *most elegant pleasures.* When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When

[1] Manantibus præ gaudio oculis. W.

the prince had[2] half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon, insomuch (says the historian) that through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis, etc.* "When Leo died, and poets were no "more" (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*), this unhappy Laureat was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with *old age* and *want*, he miserably perished in a *common hospital.*

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time), that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the *temporary*, or at best, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *settle it upon him for life.* And it hath been the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the station of Poet Laureat any man who hath once been chosen, though never so much greater Geniuses might arise

[2] Semesis opsoniis. W.

in his time. A noble instance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureat. In the first place the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is of the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the honour, as the *butt of sack* to the salary.

Secondly, the *brassica* must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenness;* a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it *soupe d' Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *brassica*, if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to *poets* as to *tailors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy:* not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new Poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himself: and no man, I am sure, can *sing* it so affectingly. But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *public show*, or *entry* of the poet: to settle the order or procession of

which, Mr. Anstis and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an *elephant;* the other of teaching the poet to ride him: therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a *mule* or a large *ass;* particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unless I am misinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—unless Mr. Cibber be the man; who may with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he choose the water, upon one of his own *swans* from *Cæsar in Egypt.*

We have spoken sufficiently of the *ceremony;* let us now speak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureat. First, we see he must be able to make verses *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore:* here, I confess the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: if a large one be too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very much a grace to the person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *stomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here so happy: but rather a stanch, vigorous, seasoned, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry;* no joker, or trifler; but a bard in *good earnest;* nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a *little obstinate.* For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the forecited authentic record of Jovius), namely, those of *feeding* from the *prince's table, drinking* out of his *own flagon,* becoming even his *domestic* and *companion;* it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear, most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureat: yet I am not without hopes, there is *one,* from whom a *serious* and *steady* assertion of these privileges may be expected; and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. DENNIS, the worthy president of our society.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS,

CONCERNING

The strange and deplorable Frenzy of Mr. JOHN DENNIS,
an Officer of the Custom-house.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIII.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS[3].

It is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has passed between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet, pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard

[3] Addison highly disapproved of this bitter satire on Dennis, and Pope was not a little chagrined at this disapprobation; for the narrative was intended to court the favour of Addison, by defending his Cato; in which seeming defence Addison was far from thinking our author sincere.

a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow, by inquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagances, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas! Sir, *says she*, this day fortnight in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come*. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch*, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile.*

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up *three pair of* stairs (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic *conceals* the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable *friends* and *physicians* who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a *grammarian;* the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "*S'death, a Frenchman!* I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the Queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?"——Sir, *said I*, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his

apartment. His aspect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were gray, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ancles.

I observed his room was hung with *old tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *absurd*, *monstrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three farthings worth of small coal in a spectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art;

for her master never read in them, but he was either quited *moped,* or in *raving fits.* There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where else to be found; such as *Gibraltar, a comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; The grounds of criticism in poetry; An essay on public spirit.* The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost,* interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastrycook's shop on a Christmas-eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting mine eyes around on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprised to hear the man speak in the following manner.

" Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very manner to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person, whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom you see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease than

a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may farther satisfy you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Denn. By a criticism.

Dr. A criticism! that's a distemper I never heard of.

Denn. S'death, Sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato[4].

Old Wom. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness: alas! poor master is just falling into his fits.

[4] Remarks upon Cato, published by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z— what fits! A man may well have swelling in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks.*

Dr. The *Remarks!* what are those?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z—! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed the *delirium;* mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man: I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary?

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of Celsus, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellibore?

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my *nostrums?* You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of *Ratcliff's,* which chanced to succeed, and with that very pre-

scription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus præscribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like myself, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, nay, assisted me in my description of the *furies, and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries! O destruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera*[5]*!* As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible

[5] He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.

of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the *sentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protasis*, of the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*.—Alas! what is become of the *drama*, the *drama?*

Old Wom. The *dram*, Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up all the *gin* just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

Denn. O shameful want, scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil would buy the *Remarks? (Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.)*

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow ——Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, whilst he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these indigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs, stand off; unhand me, miscreants! Is the man, whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated? and shall a bookseller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripætia*——Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of *person*, I am loath to say *quack*, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

THESE were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr.

Verdier's in Long Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the chin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the scull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my hand, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin, was Scaliger's *Poetics*. After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block, that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage——He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and

Verdier's servant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No— where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines,

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last,

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, *By G—d he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakspeare was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakspeare was a *rascal*, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakspeare.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gen-

tleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him; and had not my servant luckily catched him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Custom-house, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign

spy employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing farther proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my house in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.

A full and true ACCOUNT of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE BY POISON, on the body of Mr. EDMUND CURLL, bookseller.

With a faithful copy of his Last Will and Testament.

HISTORY furnisheth us with examples of many satirical *authors* who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any *booksellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, intitled, *Court-poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now, on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll, about settling a *title-page*, inviting him at the same time to take a *whet* together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room,

under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor, in colour and taste, differed not from common sack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was *bewitched;* but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll, *says he*, I fear you have got the vomiting distemper; which I have

heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's sack, I fear, has done my business."—"Z—ds, *says Mr. Lintot*, my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot, *says he*, I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner, "If I survive this, I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul: and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abused the Honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honest man* in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of *charity;* I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no *copy-money*.

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish *against him:* therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticism shewing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam Dacier), may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearsal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madam Mascranny.

[*Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article; about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lintot had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterward, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings), that the reader is entreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publishing Roches-

ter's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[*In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemen's and bishops' *last wills and testaments*, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons*, at *one shilling* apiece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's *Life*, I ask Mrs. Oldfield's pardon: neither *his* nor my Lord Halifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words, Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon, *said poor Mr. Curll*, to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the *Court-poems*, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find *another bookseller?* Your *Protestant packet* might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. *Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?* and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had several *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a *Common-prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentleman-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not farther pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A farther ACCOUNT of the most DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF MR. EDMUND CURLL, bookseller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's impoisonment by a faithful, though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and a half, and the author of a three-penny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit, *saith Sir Richard Blackmore*[6], proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call *madness*. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller, hath been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-street. For though the *neck* of his *retort*, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

[6] Blackmore's Essays, vol. i.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only *speaking civilly to his customers, singing a pig with a new-purchased libel,* and *refusing two and nine-pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.*

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to *void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a—— by violence.*

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would *dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository, for a radish, with bread and butter.*

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a *bill* into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched stationer* distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

"Worthy Mr. Lintot,

"You and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself, till that melancholy day that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran a-vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas!

this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost *one testicle* at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the *stock?* Unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that if he wanted *daily books*, we wanted *daily bread.* I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's *ivory-headed cane* upon the counter.——Pray recommend me to your *pastry-cook*, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disobliged ours, since his fits came upon him;—before that we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his *son* out of the way for fear of mischief: so wishing you a merry Easter, I remain

"Your most humble servant,

"C. CURLL."

"P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o' *calf*, it is really groundless, for he always binds in *sheep*."

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to send a general summons to all *his authors*. There was but one porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's authors.

"At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half-way under the blind arch, ask for the *historian.*

"At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

"At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

"At a blacksmith's shop in the Friars, a Pindaric writer in red stockings.

"In the Calender-mill-room at Exeter-change, a composer of meditations.

"At the Three Tobacco pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson, he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black: my best writer against *revealed religion.*

"At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's-lane, the man that wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

"At the Farthing pie-house in Totting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.

"At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitors-alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my *Church-history,*——if his flux be over——You may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my *index-maker.*

"The Cook's[7] wife in Buckingham-court: bid her bring along with her the *similes,* that were lent her for her next new play.

"Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used

[7] Mrs. Centlivre.

to go to in the *cock-loft;* I have taken away the *ladder*, but his landlady has it in keeping.

"I don't much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Alley over-against St. Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time."

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cock-loft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them shewed in their behaviour some *suspicion* of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once *fear* and *indignation*, each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of *scorn*, *solitude*, and *short commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke (but without rising from his close-stool).

"*Whores* and *authors* must be paid beforehand

to put them in good humour; therefore here is half a crown apiece for you to drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison and all other successful writers.

"Ah, Gentlemen! what have I not done? what have I not suffered, rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations? I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten.——I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest methods of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the *index-maker* said, there was nothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions.

"*Resolved*, That every member of this society according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"*Resolved*, That towards the libelling of the said

Pope there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and nine-pence (not including advertisements).

"*Resolved*, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient Heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popish religion.

"*Resolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles* at this juncture, has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"*Ordered*, That Mr. Barnevelt be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make farther discoveries.

"*Resolved*, that a number of effective *erratas* be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of this society *gratis*.

"*Resolved*, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of this society for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in *coffee-houses*.

"*Resolved*, That towards the lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed to abuse him at ladies' *tea-tables*, and that in consideration our authors are not *well dressed* enough, Mr. C——y and Mr. Ke——l be deputed for that service.

"*Resolved*, That a *ballad* be made against Mr.

Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon[8], Mr. Gildon[9], and Mrs. Centlivre[1], do prepare and bring in the same.

"*Resolved*, That, above all, some effectual ways and means be found to increase the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceeding low, and to give their works the greater currency; whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

"*Resolved*, That no member of this society for the future mix *stout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that Mr. B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

"*Resolved*, That all our members (except the *cook's wife*) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *sal volatile*.

"*Resolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore[2] be appointed to endue this society with a large quantity of *regular and exalted ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold sentiments* (being his true receipt to make wits[3].)"

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr.

[8] See Oldmixon's character and exploits in the Dunciad, book ii. v. 283.

[9] Of Gildon, see Dunciad, book i. v. 296.

[1] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, is the slipshod sybil in the Dunciad, book iii. v. 15.

[2] Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope in very high and sober terms, of profaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was the author of a travestie on the first Psalm.

[3] See page 340.

Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly* he should get the mummy of some deceased *Moderator* of the *general assembly* in Scotland, to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against *Antichrist;* but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Essays* on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second edition;*) then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now *G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos!* ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *journeymen!* born in *garrets* among *lice* and *cobwebs,* nursed up on *gray peas, bullock's liver, and porter's ale?*——Was not the first light you saw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty sheets* of brown paper?——And

have not I clothed you in double *royal*, lodged you handsomely on *decent shelves*, laced your *backs* with *gold*, equipped you with splendid *titles*, and sent you into the world with the names of *persons of quality?* Must I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheep's clothing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return.* Why hold you forth your *texts* to me, ye paltry *sermons?* Why cry ye,—at every word to me, ye *bawdy poems?*—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the *passage-house;* for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those who have great need and nothing to wipe their breech with.

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A strange but true RELATION how Mr. EDMUND CURLL, of Fleet-street, Stationer, out of an extraordinary Desire of Lucre, went into 'Change-alley, and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumcised, and initiated into their Mysteries.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Essays, hath elegantly observed) *is an inordinate impulse of the soul towards the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.*

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stockjobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become VENAL, which should be VENEREAL.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he

received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papists?

Did not Themistocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison hath very well observed), though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *sestertii*, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. *See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals.*

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Consul shot Alcibiades the Senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several *bank-bills* and *'chequer-notes* to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *Christian burial.* Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known, and often quoted by historians, *viz.* Echard, Dionysius Halicarnasseus, Virgil, Horace, and others: it is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, earrings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all these things were found in Godfrey's

breeches' pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the stationer should renounce the *Christian religion* for the *Mammon* of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of *stocks!*

It having been observed to Mr. Curll, by some of his ingenious authors (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion, what immense sums the Jews had got by *bubbles*[4], &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the *Christian faith*, which he for some time zealously, and *like a good Christian, obstinately* defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other advantages *hereafter;* but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to *present* gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

[4] Bubble was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-sea, and not to their splendour, emptiness, and inutility; for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity he called for a *pork grisking*.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his *grisking*, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his *godliness* was only *gain*, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of *avarice*.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *Apostles' creed*, whichhe readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *nine-and-thirty articles* for a *bull*[5];

[5] Bulls and bears. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said to sell the skin before he has caught the bear. It was the practice of stockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had fre-

but insisted hard upon *black puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his *bottomrye;* upon this he was persuaded out of his *Christian name;* but he still adhered to *black puddings.*

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* subscription in *Ram's bubble;* for which he was content to give up the *four evangelists*, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black pudding* and *circumcision;* for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man, with a sallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of sheers, and in his left a red-hot searing-iron. At sight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now entreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully pro-

quently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain; the seller was therefore called a bear, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a bull, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose, the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller.

mised, that he would eat a quarter of *paschal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contractions and bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high-priest take up the *cleft stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the *effluvia* that issued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his assistants, that he needed no present *purgation;* wherefore, without farther *anointing* him, he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which, by the *Levitical law*, is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet-street; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[*To save the stamp.*]

Keep us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black puddings, *yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of* white ones. *And that we may avoid such-like calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the heinous sin of* avarice, *which, sooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and stock-jobbers. Amen.*

A KEY TO THE LOCK:

OR,

A TREATISE,

Proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, entitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIV.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in *allegory* and *fable*. If a honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of John Bull and his wife; if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white straw* is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of Count Tariff.

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, entitled, The RAPE of the LOCK; which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by consider-

ing *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papist, is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the cause of his education by jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws, to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government; for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he said, reflected upon him in the character of

Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman Catholic Knight.*

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box and cane to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholic Lord.*

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication[6], that he meant something farther. This Lady is also a *Roman Catholic.* At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them *Roman Catholics.*

But to proceed to the work itself:

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clue at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings, of this intricate composition.

First then, let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

[6] "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER-TREATY[7].

I. First then, I shall discover, that Belinda represents Great Britain, or, which is the same thing, her *late Majesty*. This is plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore:

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *cross* which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissars, my Lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the Lock, or Treaty, the Dutchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterward; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the Baron's character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies.

[7] For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see The Conduct of the Allies; and Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty, vol. ii.

The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice :

——— *an altar built*
Of twelve vast French *romances neatly gilt.*

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances : these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France; which he satirically calls romances : hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman : this points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer *soon to obtain*, and *long to possess*.

Th e pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the Dutchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries:

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things she says, *Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?* Was it for this so much *paper* has been spent to secure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears survey;
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good Princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her Majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes——

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded

cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His *earnest eye*, or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a *round unthinking face*.

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human persons* (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the sequel of this discourse), I shall next take in pieces his *machinery*, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for these being placed in the *air*, and those on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *high* and *low*. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the *heads of parties;* whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation.

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says in express terms,

—— *The chief the care of* nations *own,*
And guard with arms *divine the* British throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if, in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person, who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again described in the character of Ariel, it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremont, that all the *different* characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observe in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the Queen. But whoever would be farther convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:

He rais'd his azure wand.

His sitting on the *mast* of a vessel shews his presiding over the South-sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the lines.

——*Ye spirits, to your charge repair,*
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majesty's dresser, and impudently given *nick names* to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the Sylphs are said to be *wondrous fond of place*, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermost*, and all the rest take their places *subordinately under him.*

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he should *resign his place*, which it is probable all ministers do, with a *sigh.*

At the head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some *grave* and *worthy minister.* The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described in the house of *spleen*, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the *whimsical.*

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the *scissars* at

the loss of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under *angels* and *men*, so he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate;* he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former.

——*But* Shock, *who thought she slept too long,*
Leapt up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this *Shock* it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *sermon*, which made so much *noise*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *speech* at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says, her *eyes opened* on a *billet-doux*. Billet-doux being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted

those addresses of loving subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third Canto.

> Steel *did the labours of the gods destroy,*
> *And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy,*
> Steel *could the works of mortal pride confound,*
> *And hew triumphal arches to the ground.*

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her Majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a mystical representation of the late *war*, which is hinted by his making *spades* the trump; *spade* in Spanish signifying a *sword*, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play against her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under

which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

Ev'n mighty pam, *that kings and queens o'erthrew,*
And mow'd down armies in the fights of lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd——,——

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke towards the end of this game:

And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
On one nice trick *depends the gen'ral fate.*

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in), that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterward be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy:

Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at *ombre* is a satirical representation of the late *war*, so is the *tea-table* that ensues, of the *council-table*, and its consultations after the peace.

By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the passage, which represents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade;* it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich *gold stuff suits* which were said to be made her Majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry in plain terms taking *frequent cups*,

And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems———

I shall only farther observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, should the barrier-treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing *contentions* of the *parties*, upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles fol-

lowing the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise.

All side in parties——

and here you have a Gentleman who *sinks beside the chair:* a plain allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his chair of *president* of the *council.*

I come next to the *bodkin,* so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British *sceptre,* so revered in the hand of our late august Princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark.

The same (his ancient personage to deck)
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck
In three seal rings, *which, after melted down,*
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon *hereditary right!* The *three seal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are crost,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a *star*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace*. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines:

God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagine it the most *extraordinary star* that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true Britons, may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate *the fall of Lewis* in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shewn, that it hath two different walks of satire; the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the *late transactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the *ministers of state in particular*. I shall now shew that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is secretly insinuated thro' the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doc-

trine of *guardian angels* and *patron saints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popish superstition that hath been exploded ever since the reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1*st*, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2*dly*, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite———

3*dly*, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations.

Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream——

4*thly*, They are made to be subordinate in different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command.

Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5*thly*, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office assigned him.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course, &c.

6*thly*, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of *dress;* intimating thereby, that the saints preside over the several parts of *human bodies.* They have one saint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest.

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7*thly*, They are represented to know the thoughts of men:

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind.

8*thly*, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9*thly*, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of these the chief, the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the *papists* to defend England, St. Patrick Ireland, St. James Spain, &c. Now, what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *mass*, and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome.* The *unveiling* of the *altar*, the *silver vases* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the priests are upon

the chief festivals, and the *head uncovered*, are manifest marks of this.

A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends——

plainly denotes *image worship.*

The *goddess*, who is decked with *treasures, jewels*, and the various *offerings of the world*, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incense-pot* in the following line.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' etherial plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Then issuing forth the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a *cross* on her breast, the ensign of popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breast a sparkling cross *she wore,*
Which Jews might kiss, *and infidels* adore.

Next he represents her as the *universal church*, according to the boasts of the papists:

And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to *matins;* in the second, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of saints.*

Belinda's visits are described with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship.

——*Visits shall be paid on solemn days,*
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is seen in the following line:

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd *there.*

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the *treasury* of the *Romish church.* Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* should be *purga-*

tory, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the *sun* to be *hell*[8].

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are reduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *scope* and *bent* of the work, and from the several *particulars:* furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretation of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *state decipherers* themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more safely *sworn* to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the

[8] The Reverend Dr. Swinden.

mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many farther discoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettor's designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the *government*.

THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to Politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work, which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not: if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by shewing its faults; as when a stream disco-

vers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

I as little fear that God will damn a man that has charity, as I hope that the priests can save one who has not.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions, like children who, when they fear to go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion; he finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to a good action: like an impudent debtor, who goes every day to talk familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing, it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture in time of disputes is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming every thing there, while their own runs to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Some old men by continually praising the time of their youth, would almost persuade us that there were no fools in those days; but unluckily they are left themselves for examples.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

The world is a thing we must of necessity either laugh at or be angry at; if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they say we are ill-natured.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might I not laugh to think, what a bustle is here about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a packsaddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

'Tis with followers at court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy; a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp; but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul!

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room, or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

Two women seldom grow intimate but at the expense of a third person; they make friendships as kings of old made leagues, who sacrificed some poor animal betwixt them, and commenced strict allies; so the ladies, after they have pulled some character to pieces, are from henceforth inviolable friends.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since 'tis reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

'Tis as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

A good-natured man has the whole world to be happy out of; whatever good befals his species, a well-deserving person promoted, a modest man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon but as a remoter blessing of Providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the narrowness of his own fortune, when it does the same thing it would have done had it been in his power: for what a luxurious man in poverty would want for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friend or the poor.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counter-

feits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men, for the most part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull, but true accounts of times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

Wit in conversation is only a readiness of thought and a facility of expression, or (in the midwives' phrase) a quick conception, and an easy delivery.

We should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other: like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are so managed that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones: when a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

If he who does an injury be his own judge in his own cause, and does wrong without reason, by being the first aggressor; then surely it is no wonder the injured should think the same way, and

right himself by revenge; that is, be both judge, and party too, since the other was so who first wronged him.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like the oath in the mouth of a cheating gamester, is ever still most used as their truth is most questioned.

Your true jilt uses men like chess-men, she never dwells so long on any single man as to overlook another who may prove more advantageous; nor gives one another's place, until she has seen it is for her interest; but if one is more useful to her than others, brings him in over the heads of all others.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the *Hesperian* fruit, would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife because he cannot always live chastely, is much like one who finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father: the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters' portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions, and new animosities: it is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in *France* seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; authors in *England* seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise men, as far as we know either.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men, who never loved one? T. K.

That character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

Whoever has flattered his friend successfully, must at once think himself a knave, and his friend a fool.

We may see the small value God has for riches, by the people he gives them to. D. A.

Who are next to knaves? those that converse with them.

We are sometimes apt to wonder, to see those people proud who have done the meanest things: whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing it, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a *lie guarded.*

Praise is like ambergrease; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against *ingratitude,* but sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against *vanity:* none but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Several explanations of casuists, by multiplying sins, may be called *Amendments to the ten commandments.*

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies; the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence: a very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the Scripture phrase) either to *shine forth before men, or to glorify their Father who is in heaven.*

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart, a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it's well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

A man coming to the water-side, is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one mak-

ing applications, every one offering his services, the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him: the same man going from the water-side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! The picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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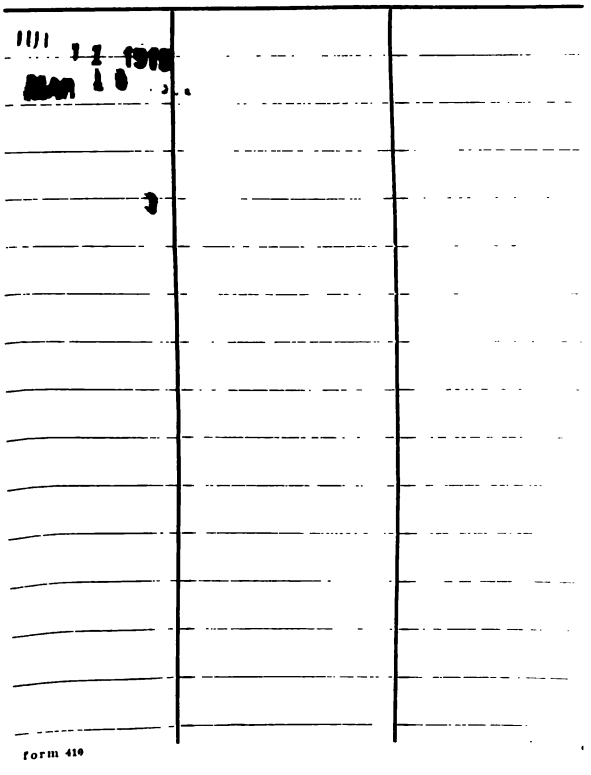

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